SEP 15 1986 AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIBRARY
Display Copy

New Statesman
29 August 1986 IR£1.34 US$1.50 By Air 90p

Media: Time for television to be unbalanced
Economy: Why Labour doesn't need a pay policy
Hattersley slams left; SDPers defend Owen

THE STATE OF THE UNIONS

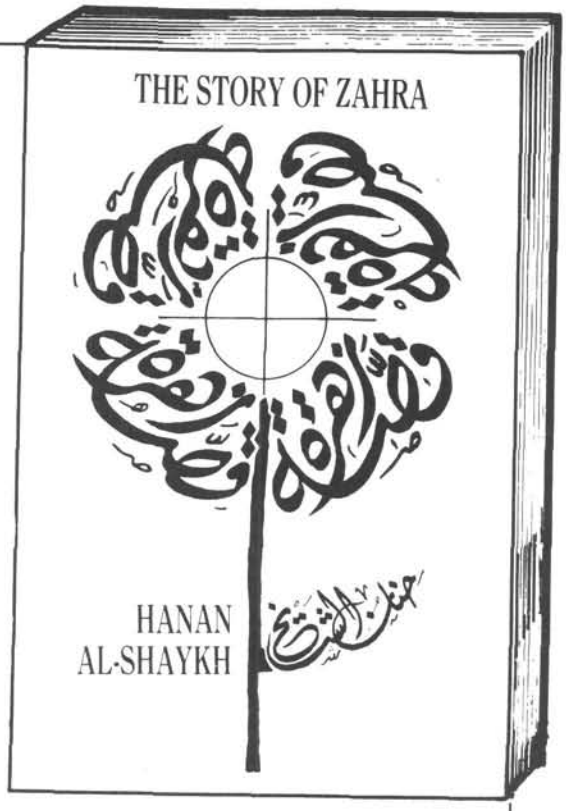
'We are at another part of our history'

Ron Todd, TGWU

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

READ THE WORLD

Readers International brings you today's world literature. Each hardcover volume, by subscription, is just £4.75. (regularly to £9.95)



War in Lebanon: a young woman falls to a sniper's love, then to his bullet. *The Story of Zahra* scandalised the Arab world by telling how Muslim women *really* live behind the taboos and traditions. That this book was written in the Arab world is unusual—that a Shiite Muslim woman wrote it is quite extraordinary. The author, Hanan al-Shaykh, speaks with authority and sensitivity about sexuality, war and religion in the world's most divided society. "A haunting and chilling study of the fatal fascination of violence," says the *Observer*. The *Sunday Times* called it "subversive truthfulness".

From Brazil, Antônio Torres' *The Land* brings us the harsh, lyrical world of the Backland region, whose peasants survive with grim humour, and whose children long for the phantom riches of São Paulo. This modern Brazilian classic on the conflict between the rural and the urban now comes into English for the first time.

Next to Africa and the satirical *Laugh-to-Cry*, as the great Congolese novelist Henri Lopez lampoons the supreme African dictator—Amin, Bokassa, Mobutu, all in one—who moves overnight from the barracks to the Presidential Palace. Funny but searing: Lopez' satire bites with anger and sadness at Africa's burden of butcher-clowns.

Fiction, says André Brink, has a way of recording a truth deeper than fact. Through READERS INTERNATIONAL (**RI**) you can explore new worlds of fiction, worlds seen more clearly, stories told more freshly than in any news report.

"*A splendid and important enterprise and worth supporting*," says the Financial Times.

RI works like a magazine subscription—every other month you receive a new and timely book: handsome hardcover editions at the special price of £4.75 + 75p postage. Your subscription helps fund the translation and printing of some of the world's finest literature.

Subscribe now for a *good read* and help bring some of today's most gifted writers into English. "Readers International is exciting: good books—and a good cause," says A. Whitney Ellsworth, publisher of the *New York Review of Books*. Return the coupon now to receive your first volume.

ALREADY LAUNCHED by readers like you: Antonio Skármeta's *I Dreamt the Snow Was Burning*, "the most accomplished piece of literature to come out of Chile since Pinochet took power"—Village Voice; *My Merry Mornings* by Ivan Klíma, "charming and comic stories about Prague, irrepressibly cheerful and successfully written"—Financial Times. Osvaldo Soriano's *A Funny Dirty Little War* (Argentina)—"feisty and brawling, rooted in the reality of the nation"—NY Times Bk Rev. *Poland Under Black Light* by Janusz Anderman—"an honest and powerful voice...he undercuts the lies of one side and the mythology of the other"—New Statesman. *Fools* by Ndebele (S. Africa), "Intricate and subtle...unusual depth"—*LA Times*.

READERS INTERNATIONAL
8 Strathray Gardens, London NW3 4NY

Please begin my subscription to RI's series with *The Story of Zahra* at the £4.75 subscriber price plus 75p for postage. Send RI's latest book at the same price every other month. At any time I may cancel simply by writing you.

NAME

ADDRESS

TOWN CODE COUNTRY

☐ £5.50 (£7 overseas) to Readers International is enclosed. (North American subscribers, please send US$9.95/Can$12.50, incl. postage, to RI Subscriber Service Dept., P.O. Box 959, Columbia, LA 71418.)

SPECIAL SAVINGS: Prepay a year's subscription for six books at £3.75 each plus 75p postage.

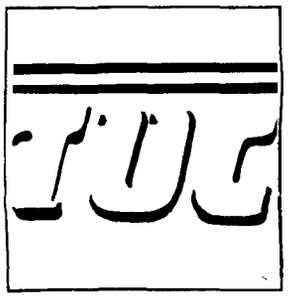
☐ **I enclose my payment for £27 inland, US$48, Can$58, £35 sterling elsewhere.** ST12

How **RI** Selects Books: Literary merit is the first consideration of **RI**'s editors and advisors. Many of these works were initially banned at home or written in exile: **RI** is committed to publishing literature in danger. Each is current, from the past 10 years. Each is new to readers here—although many have been acclaimed in European editions. Subscribe now and give these powerful writers a voice in English, all at a very modest price.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

New Statesman
Vol 112 No 2892 29 August 1986

Tory values self-destruct



WE PUBLISH this week an essay, by the distinguished American writer Christopher Lasch, which identifies the New Right in the US — by extension, in the UK as well — as a destroyer of what it professes to espouse and protect. Capitalism and consumerism unrestrained and unmodified are, says Lasch, more careless and destructive of traditional (Victorian) values than much the left has thrown up — though the left does not escape without censure for 'finding it increasingly difficult to converse with ordinary people in their common language'.

Most encouragingly for the British left, still building adequate responses to a long-dominant intellectual right, Lasch identifies 'the intellectual debility of contemporary conservatism' in its narrow and anachronistic refusal to recognise the changes to the marketplace which have fundamentally altered it since the days when the Fife philosopher, Adam Smith, first gave it status. Their values, he says, are those of 'the man on the make, in flight from his ancestors, from the family claim, from everything that ties him down and limits his freedom of movement'. It is a formidable critique of the ideology which has governed us here these long seven years: a critique which it is the *New Statesman*'s job to deepen and extend.

Lasch's conclusion is different from ours. He talks of transcending left and right, categories he no longer sees as appropriate to an age of 'electronics, totalitarianism and mass culture'. One does not have to be an advocate of a pure and messianic left-wing gospel, or a mere passive attendant on another age of reform coming with the turn of the political wheel (as he characterises much of the left) to believe that this does not necessarily fit the British mould.

It does not fit, most of all, because we have a labour movement which is much richer than that now possessed by the US, and which is likely to remain so. Our coverage of the unions, as the unions' Congress starts in Brighton next week, is pretty sure that the unions and the Labour Party will not attempt a joint approach to governing the country as they did in 1974. But it makes clear that the unions make up the most important set of voluntary organisations in the country: organisations which remain the possession of their members and which retain much of their loyalty.

It has been one of the largest failings of our government that it has been wholly blind to the fact that trade unionism constitutes an involvement in public life for workers who otherwise are not encouraged to have any such expression. At the same time unions provide a sense of security and identity to millions whose employers don't care to do any such thing; and they remain a (largely) consistent supporter of democracy and of freedom, at home and abroad. Their political role will now be more modest: that may be no bad thing for Labour. But the organisational and social role of trade unionism always deserves support, because it is within its ranks that change and progress happens, with all the hesitancy, fears, prejudices, conservatism, idealism and hope which characterise any body which has large numbers of people as members. □

New Statesman

Cover drawing: Francis Boyle

Not-So-New Realism Pre-TUC, JOHN LLOYD reports on the transformed union movement and deftly extracts the knife from Norman Willis's back; PHILIP BASSETT on the fast-changing 'reality' 5-10

FEATURES

Peter Kellner: Trust Some Body to . . . 11
John Ellis: More biased TV, please 12
Ian Williams: Rusty byways, another mixed bag (and metaphor) 13
Paul Ormerod: Why we don't *need* an incomes policy 14
Christopher Lasch: The American right wing's false values 15
Roy Hattersley replies to Vladimir Derer of Labour Left Liaison 18

ARTS

Angus Calder: Edinburgh 1: Theatre 19
Barry Cox: Edinburgh 2: Television 20
Adam Mars-Jones: Cinema 21
Andrew Clements: Records 21
Naseem Khan: Work in progress on black art shows 22
Diana Eden: Television 23

BOOKS

Liz Heron: Umberto Eco's journalism 24
Sara Maitland: First novels 25
Anthony Wilson: Poems 25
Colin Greenland: Fantasy 26
Van Wilmer: Leslie Thompson 26
David Caute: South African writing 27

BACKCHAT

Anna Del Conte: Roman cookery 32
Josephine Saxton: Pub problems 33
Crossword 33
Weekend competition 34
John Minnion 35
George Botterill: Chess 35
This England 35

PLUS

Roger Woddis 12
Letters: Dr Owen's friends hit back 28

NEXT WEEK

BUSINESS MIXING IT IN POLITICS

Free enterprise doesn't like the government anymore. SARAH BENTON reports

HIDDEN AGENDAS

SARA MAITLAND reviews Elizabeth Wilson's essays on the theories, the politics and the experience of the women's movement

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Unions nurture democracy in S. Africa too

HALTON CHEADLE is a 35-year old South African lawyer who spent his early 20s helping to organise black trade unions and now runs a Johannesburg law practice largely given over to these unions' cases.

AZACTU
COSATU
CUSA

He is worth a bit of admiration because he has done what few whites in that country have — put his activities where his ideals are: and because he shows that once that real commitment is made, race need not put a final veto on comradeship and shared purpose.

There are three main federations of black unions in the Republic of South Africa: COSATU, with some 600,000 members claimed: CUSA, which claims 180,000 members; and the AZACTU black consciousness movement, which claims 90,000 members. There are at least six 'independent' black unions with a further 120,000 members.

From a black workforce of around 6 million, rather less than 1 million are claimed to be in union membership: not bad for a movement which only got started in its present form a dozen years ago, and which still faces real intimidation in organising, even before the state of emergency.

Within COSATU and CUSA, a rich debate is taking place on the role and practice of unions. The poles of the debate are this. For those, often close to the African National Congress, who would wish to see the unions subsumed into a popular front for the country's liberation the style would tend to be that of the charismatic leader, the mass meeting and the primacy of politics. At the other end of the scale there are the 'workerists' who favour a strengthening of the unions' independence, a stress on internal democratic procedures and accountability to the base in the plants. The first accuses the second of economism: the second accuses the first of autocracy.

Naturally, this political/industrial debate is secondary to the shared opposition to the state: but it marks the increasing depth and sophistication of South African black trade union culture one which white trade unionists still in most industrialised countries, in the main, find threatening to their privileges and their incomes.

Cheadle and others like him have played important roles in assisting the development of this culture and strength: he now spends most of his time taking cases for the unions who are very often acting as proxies for a beleaguered community — as at Langa township, where the shooting of 21 people by the police last March saw a union case taken, financed by the International Metalworkers Federation, which finally got the admission of partial guilt and may get some financial restitution.

Unions are one of the few areas in which democracy can be practised by black South Africans: their ability to make and deliver agreements for their members is one large factor in pushing some of the more liberal employers into timorous opposition to apartheid. Their continuing and growing strength will be — as Bishop Tutu has recognised — the best guarantor of liberty in a future South Africa. Not many South African whites have had the courage or the convictions Cheadle shows, but the few who do are remarkable. □

The truth?
He couldn't give a XXXX

(If you care, don't buy Murdoch's papers: The Sun, News of the World, Times & Sunday Times)

Published by SOGAT, NGA, AUEW & NUJ, 63-67 Bromham Road, Bedford ♦ Telephone: 0234 51521

F·L·A·R·E

UNFAIR DISMISSAL
MATERNITY RIGHTS
HEALTH & SAFETY
MINIMUM PAY
RIGHTS FOR PART-TIMERS

The GMB calls on the Labour Movement to campaign for a new set of legal rights which will enhance the lives of all working people and put the law on the side of the low paid and oppressed.

JOIN THE GMB CAMPAIGN FOR
FAIR LAWS AND RIGHTS IN EMPLOYMENT

General Secretary John Edmonds General, Municipal, Boilermakers & Allied Trades Union Thorne House, Rudley Ridge, Claygate, Esher, Surrey KT10 0TL
Telephone: Esher (0372) 62081 Telex: 27428 Facsimile: 0372 67164

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FAREWELL TO SOLEMN & BINDING

The 118th annual Trades Union Congress opens in Brighton next week: at the end of its eleventh decade, British trade unionism is now groping towards a new relationship with the state, with capital and with the party it hopes, desperately, will form the next Labour government. JOHN LLOYD reports on a new era emerging from the womb of the old: on page 8, he finds the much plotted against Norman Willis in better shape than you might think. And on page 9, PHILIP BASSETT charts the way the union world is changing

THE GREAT power era of British trade unionism is over. It had a run of some 20 years. Mrs Thatcher will take the credit for ending it, but it was inherently unstable and would anyway have had to come to some end. It proposed, essentially, a sharing of state power without being able to develop the mechanisms for exercising responsibility. The best people in the labour movement of the 1970s — Jack Jones, Len Murray, Hugh Scanlon — did their damnedest to reconcile these contradictions. And could not.

If Labour comes to power, the 'partnership' it will offer the unions will be a very restricted one. Neil Kinnock and Roy Hattersley already know they cannot get any incomes policy worth close examination before the next election: both men have said that lack of agreement might hinder, but will not halt, their efforts to lower unemployment and assist the poor. In doing so, they have sought to occupy in advance the high moral ground on the issue — crucial territory in intra-labour movement battles.

Kinnock has taken even greater pains to

Norman Willis: wide boy or man of the hour?

Photo: John Smith/IFL

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ensure that a controversial measure brought in by the present government is re-enacted by Labour — the statutory right for union members to have ballots before strikes and to elect union executives. He marked out his attachment to this long before it was agreed policy, in press briefings and public speeches. And he has pushed Norman Willis, the TUC general secretary, so relentlessly hard to bring unions round on the issue that Willis has appeared to many of his TUC colleagues as less of their buddy and more as a Party equivalent of a Vatican legate, brandishing a Kinnock papal bull before them. 'It has,' says one insider on the process, 'been a ruthless exercise'.

And so, close on two decades after Barbara Castle began to draw up *In Place of Strife*, and thus mark a formal end to the post-war agreement by state, capital and labour that none would intrude on the rights of each to (respectively) govern, manage, and run their own affairs — the unions are embracing, coldly in many cases to be sure, the right of government to give their members a secret ballot. John Prescott, the shadow employment minister, prefaces a forthcoming book* with the remark that 'I do not believe it is possible or even desirable to attempt to exclude the law from industrial relations'. Until three years ago, no one in his job could have said that, and kept it.

More than this: all unions, in a broad sweep from left to right, are agreeing that their *political* ambitions must be pruned and are making their industrial practice as respectable as they can. There has not been a notable strike in the private sector (Fleet Street apart, as it always has been) for years. Trade union leaders now rarely go on camera to prescribe the nation's governance: they now pose to announce a package of individually tailored membership benefits, or a single union no-strike deal with a Japanese multinational. 'Trade union leaders,' says Alistair Graham, until last month one among them, now director general of the Industrial Society, 'are rediscovering the need to organise'.

Reasons to be careful

All of this did not happen through reasoned debate. It happened for these reasons.

First, the winter of discontent of 1978/79 was genuinely shocking. Allowing for media hype and for the low pay of many — not all — of the workers involved, the deliberate placing at hazard of the delivery of public services on which, most of all, the sick, the poor and the elderly depended, was a terrific wound to self-inflict on a movement used to congratulating itself for being history's handmaiden for just these services.

Second, the inflicting of this wound legitimised reaction. Government reaction took two forms inimical to trade unionism: it squeezed inflation down by making the most vulnerable of workers unemployed; and it threw away any pretence at regarding the unions as social partners. This double act was comprehensively effective in tearing the guts out of the unions' militant cadres.

Third, the unions failed to stop reaction. The TUC, drawing itself to its full height, attempted official 'days of action' and 'mass rallies'. When these petered out, they shook their heads and warned that 'harder men' would take over. When one *did* come along, promising the war of class against class, he found that for all of his mesmerising rhetorical talents, his exploitation of the guilty respect his members command(ed) in leftist hearts, his fantastically hard work — he had met a wall of granite: the refusal of the working class to move at Arthur Scargill's bidding.

Fourth, the failure of the 'official' strategy for asserting union power enforced thought. The best public expression of this was Len Murray's speech to the 1983 TUC Congress, hard on the heels of the worst Labour defeat since the war. In it, he ripped into his fellow union leaders for retaining delusions that they could be a 'government in waiting', a 'Brother Bonnie Prince Charlie' expecting the fall of the House of Thatcher. Implicit in the speech: they had no business in that game. Murray lost out, of course, using up much of his capital when he opposed the National Graphical Association's attempt to pull the TUC into its efforts to smash Eddy Shah, running out of it wholly when the Prime Minister twisted and broke his olive branch by refusing to lift her ban on the unions at the Cheltenham communications centre. But after the miners' strike, after he had retired early sick at heart, the trickle of reasoning he had started has belatedly suffused the movement.

Gone are the bonds

Eric Hammond, leader of the electricians, was Scargill's most implacable enemy within the union movement and has benefited most from the strike's failure (for what he and others are doing with that benefit, see p.9). He and Gavin Laird, of the engineers, forced the TUC Congress to drop its 'active' opposition to the government's legislation in the crucial area of ballots by threatening — and being prepared — to leave the TUC last year. He was able to do so because the miners' strike (about which Hammond had been right — they *didn't* get any effective aid from the union movement) so demoralised and shocked the left that they were in no position to do other than accept what he threw at them. The strike loosened the bonds of sentiment, mutual obligation and self-interest to the point where they no longer held the radicals on the right. 'The miners' strike is now part of our history', says Ron Todd. 'We remember their struggle and sacrifice'. And that's that. William Brown, Professor of Industrial Relations at

The movement's finest

IN ONE THING is the trade union movement presently rich: the quality of its leaders. At or near the top of many of the major unions are people who compare favourably with their predecessors.

Ron Todd (left), 58, general secretary of the Transport and General Workers, is a man of much greater authority and coherence than Moss Evans, general secretary until 1984. Evans came in when the left tide in the TGWU was at its fullest flood: he also followed Jack Jones, the outstanding leader of his generation, who had democratised the structure and created headaches for his successors. Todd is no Jones: but he is no fool, either, and is benefiting from a rightward shift in his general executive. He is a humorous man, who feels warmly on issues like South Africa and unilateral disarmament.

Brenda Dean, 43, has had a hard coming of it as general secretary of Sogat '82: landed with the most bitter Fleet Street dispute, and one which she has no hope of 'winning' in terms acceptable to her Central London activists. They've gone sour on her, as they were bound to do: but most of the rest of the movement thinks of her as a canny leader who can both control her union and look and sound good on television. She is a natural right-winger in a left-of centre union: she followed **Bill Keys**, 63 (now retired), one of the masters of the deal: she's doing well, for all her troubles.

At the top of the Amalgamated Engineering Union, **Bill Jordan**, 50, newly elected president and **Gavin Laird**, 53, recently re-elected general secretary, are two strong and clever right-wing socialists who have no inhibitions whatever about their politics, and continue the engineers' tradition of craft pride. The Birmingham/Clydeside mixture is one of the most energetic combinations in the labour movement: so far, there is no sign of any rift.

The left version of that double act is played by **Rodney Bickerstaffe** (centre), 42, general secretary of the National Union of Public Employees and his deputy, **Tom Sawyer**, 44. Bickerstaffe has remained enigmatic politically, left certainly, but neither hard nor soft: a hard-driving speaker and a good administrator. Sawyer has been, oddly, more controversial, as he broke with the far left on Labour's executive on which he sits and gives regular, if sometimes qualified, support to Kinnock.

John Edmonds, 42 (right), is emerging as the movement's intellectual; his Oxford degree does not help among union leaders still suspicious of academics, but it is a sign of the changes in unions that it does not hinder him much, either, and did not stop him winning elections in a manual workers' union — even though **David Warburton**, 44, his rival and present deputy, did pointedly refer to it in his campaign.

Eric Hammond, 57, is now playing on the TUC side again: he is aided by **John Lyons**, 60, general secretary of the power engineers, the only SDP member on the general council and (like Laird) a former marxist who has retained respect for analysis and dialectic.

A new old face will join them on the general council after this Congress: **Arthur Scargill**, 48, who has been about other business for the past three years but now resumes the TUC seat he let **Michael McGahey**, 63, the miners' vice president, occupy for three years. Last time he was on, Scargill demanded more important committees than he was offered: this time round, he's in a weak position to do any demanding. ●

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Cambridge, says that 'Scargillism, and now Hattonism, have been quite clearly defeated. It opens things up for the unions.'

More has moved for the unions than the miners' strike. Next week, Willis will tell the 1,100 delegates at Congress that they represent some 9.5 million members: that's nearly 3 million fewer than their 1980 high water mark. And that is part of the story: John Edmonds tells the rest better than most:

> Industrial, demographic and technical trends point to a shrinkage of. . . well organised sectors and the growth of a new class of exploited workers . . . between 1980 and 1985, more than 1.4 million jobs in manufacturing were lost and another half million will disappear by 1990. New jobs are being created only in private services, and these jobs are primarily for part-time women workers; nearly all the new employment (95 per cent) recorded since 1983 has been for female part-timers. Tied to these changes, full-time jobs will fall by over a million between 1984 and 1990, whereas part time jobs are set to rise by 900,000; and male employment will drop by 600,000 as against a rise in female employment of 400,000. The shift in work is also away from the heartlands of the labour movement towards areas with less of a tradition in trade unionism.**

Edmonds succeeded David Basnett as leader of the general and municipal workers early this year, and is already something of a white hope. He is not alone in identifying structural changes but he is alone in taking his perceptions to more rigorous lengths. He has set himself a quite unique task: to redesign the policy agenda for the movement — and to show that his union can act on that agenda. He's saying: the unions must appeal to a new class of workers — and I'll show you how. That is a huge strain for the union.

It's a huge strain for the movement, too, Edmonds has insisted that at present the movement is *male, craft* and *activist* dominated and that this is not good: the analysis is no longer new, but to launch into other forms of organisation is. Who knows what will happen? How would organisation structure and internal democracy itself have to change to accommodate part-time women, who can scarcely define themselves as trade unionists in the same way as the men they are replacing. There *are* unions with a living tradition of female activism — the public employees' is one — but it's still a minority pursuit.

The pressures which women are exerting on union structures may result, in time, in their greater representation on the executives and officer bureaucracies of their unions — but it won't happen easily. None of the unions which has had majority women memberships for decades — the teachers, the health service employees, the public employees, the lower paid civil servants, the revenue staffs, the knitwear and the garment workers — have shown any consistent trend towards this, whether they are right- or left-led.

There are some more or less powerful women in individual unions — Kate Losinska in the low paid civil servants, Muriel Turner in the white collar union ASTMS, Dianne Warwick, who leads the university teachers and above all Brenda Dean, leader of the print union Sogat '82 (see box) — but these are almost the only ones with real authority and of these, only Brenda Dean could be described as a 'top trade union boss'.

The unions have a perfectly rational belief in experience, work and election as the primary determinants of position: but it is difficult to believe that the structures of the movement do not screen out women at least as capable as the many quite mediocre male leaders who generally get, and hold for life, union jobs. It is another example of rhetoric transcending practice: unions talk constantly of equal pay and opportunities (and fight, and get them too): but in their own affairs, they are now being easily bettered by business enterprises, *many of them non-union*, who are promoting women into middle and senior management positions.

The other part of the Edmonds equation is even riskier. To attempt to enfranchise, in a union sense, the growing numbers of men and women who have no fixed work — and they vary from high-powered consultants and other professionals of all kinds to the much more numerous service workers — is perhaps to attempt a marriage between cultures which are fundamentally different, which no amount of hard organisational work can make live in harmony. It is worth a thought — and, surely, Edmonds has allowed it to cross his mind more than once — that 'traditional' workers already organised by their enterprises into industrial armies, already treated by their employers as a featureless 'them', already stratified into grades and scales, are inherently unionisable for no reason so good as that they can be reached and convinced relatively easily.

The smaller pockets of 'new' workers who are either contemptuous of unions (at the professional end) or too frightened to join them (at the service end) are a terribly hard proposition, as any union organiser will tell you. Add to this the spread of the sneaky managerial technique of treating workers as individuals and both talking and listening to them directly — and the difficulties are compounded. For it is not just that people difficult to get to are not joining in large numbers: it is also that people who were union naturals are leaving.

Take BP, the the largest wholly UK-owned corporation and the second largest (after Anglo-Dutch Shell) outside of the US. It cut numbers last year at its Barry refinery: the manual workers who remained asked if they could transfer to staff status; on a subsequent vote, 66 per cent determined that their union, the TGWU, should no longer negotiate for them (though they would remain members). In another part of the corporation, the UK chemicals division, some 1,400 members of ASTMS are now reviewing their representation. The company has not instituted any anti-union drives, and is careful to keep good relations with union officials (and with Labour MPs).

Says Charles Castle, BP's director of personnel: 'With so many redundancies, our staff are more more aware of the market. When management talks to them about our problems, they are believed.' (This is a serious matter: for a trade unionism which bases itself on adversial relationships, belief in management can be quite destructive.) ▷

Transport and General Workers Union

WHO IS FINANCING APARTHEID?

WHO IS PAYING THE PRICE?

· DEMAND EFFECTIVE SANCTIONS ·

NOW!

RON TODD
GENERAL SECRETARY

BILL MORRIS
DEP.GEN. SECRETARY

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Identity crisis

So a great modesty has come over the unions: modesty born of financial and membership loss, of unemployment, of structural change, of the unrelenting indifference of government and a growing insecurity over its own place in society. It is the clearest sign of a change as radical as any that have been wreaked on the battered body of the British Labour movement — and one from which the Labour Party can only benefit *if* it both recognises the trend and is capable of rolling with it, rather than adopting blocking tactics.

The change is that the trade unions are now, self avowedly, no longer presenting themselves as a partner-in-government to Labour — and a partner, which can exercise a virtually lethal veto. Barbara Castle and Harold Wilson had to withdraw *In Place of Strife* amid a great cry that independence was being destroyed; Callaghan, politically destroyed a decade later by the winter of discontent, rounded on the 1980 Congress to ask 'What can you offer? Can you offer anything? Can you offer anything to a new partnership?' Now, Neil Kinnock can proceed in the knowledge that he does not need to offer a full partnership to organisations which do not have the power or the ability to deliver on it, *and which know it.*

Unemployment and structural change have weakened them; Scargill shocked and moderated them; the acceptance of statute law in governing their internal procedures has advertised a submission to the high democracy of Parliament — a fact that Norman Willis, in his funny way, understands well.

You take the high road . . .

The movement will not disappear or shrink into insignificance: it is, after all, the most important voluntary organisation in the country by many miles, created by, sustained by, staffed by the representatives of working people. If it can be cynical to the point of ruthlessness, often captured by manipulative sects, sometimes even brutal: it can also be more idealistic than most parts of public life and can routinely provide a supportive, non-ideological comradeship. But it has been startled into returning to its basic task: the organisation and representation of its members, rather than the proposing of policies for governing the country.

At the 1978 Congress, a little before he helped bring down the Labour government, Ken Gill, leader of the white collar engineers and the left's hardest thinker, told delegates that 'when a Labour government disagrees with the trade union movement, then it is almost certain that the government is wrong'. Now Todd sits in the boss's office in Transport House and says, equably, 'there will be times with a Labour government when Neil Kinnock will have to say to the unions — we can't go down that road together'.

In the two areas central to trade unionism — pay determination and industrial democracy — much less is now genuinely on offer than in the mid-late 1970s. A public sector pay policy is all Labour can presently hope for after the election — and little work has gone into defining what that might be, except that the key principle will be comparability with the private sector. In the latter, a profit-sharing pay system of the kind touted in a recent government Green Paper, gingerly countenanced as possible by the TUC and refined by Gavyn Davies of Goldman Sachs, a Labour adviser, may be the *only* way to bring down leaping wage costs.

The impetus for industrial democracy has all but disappeared from the unions themselves. It lives on at the TUC-Labour Party leadership levels, through the liaison committee — but even there it is a shadow of the grand designs of the mid-late 1970s. The *People at work* document produced by the liaison committee for ratification by the Congress and party conference stresses three times that 'no particular model' is in mind, that the unions and the party 'will be examining how they might operate in practice'. This sounds terribly like the classic civil service fudge of 'further work remains to be done' which has despatched many a wheeze into oblivion: management's right to manage does not tremble at its approach.

In short, it is a movement which is desperate for a Labour government and will accept much of what it dishes out, at least for a time; it has *already* accepted the party leadership's profound belief that it must proceed with respectable caution. Todd, at the head of the biggest and until recently the least 'reliable' (for the leadership) union, now talks of realism and pragmatism, of a personal liking for Eric Hammond, of the need not to promise what cannot be delivered. 'You cannot put the clock back. We are at another part of our history.'

This part will, necessarily, see Labour emerging some way from the shell of the unions and attempting to govern without their permission or threat of their veto in a way it has not been able to since Attlee. If it can ride the trend, gain some financial independence — perhaps by instituting state aid for parties — it will give momentum to the developments to which all unions are having to submit. As the unions draw back for self preservation into industrial organisation, so Labour has little choice but to propose a policy which relies much less upon them. It is now clear: neither can offer enough to the other to make a partnership work: and so it will not be tried in anything other than words. □

*Freedom and Fairness, ed. Ken Coates, Spokesman Books. See also Barrie Sherman, *The State of the Unions*, John Wiley & Sons.

*Freedom and Fairness, pp 133-4.

THE SECRET DOCTRINE

There is a tradition of an Ancient Wisdom relevant, however, to any age and people. It tells of the eternal verities of existence, of Universal processes and laws which are of the nature of Nature herself – of whom we are all part.

This must be of interest to real thinkers . . .

For information write to:

The Blavatsky Trust (B)

P.O. Box 16, London W3 6HS

PROFILE: NORMAN WILLIS

ONWARD SHUFFLES NORM

SOMETIMES, WHEN Norman Willis speaks — and he speaks a great deal — you haven't a clue what he is saying. He is famously unquotable, because the most rigorous reading of a shorthand note after a Willis speech cannot usually produce a sequence of words which can be expressed as a sentence. His monologues are Gothic horrors of main clauses sprouting a hundred corridors of parentheses, subordinate clauses abandoned before their conclusions, half-made allusions, jokes spatchcocked in to further darken the gathering obscurity and finally an end which is rarely a conclusion. It is clear why the precise intellect of Len Murray did not want him as his successor in 1984. But perhaps he was wrong.

Willis is all of a large, roly-poly piece. He behaves in public much like he behaves in private, with the most remarkable disdain for formality and the convention of What Is Expected of him within the British establishment which still does, after all, hold a place open for him. The archbishops, cabinet ministers, industrial captains, diplomats and colleagues in his own and other labour movements whom he meets are all transmuted by his voracious appetite for the absurd into something like a contemporary Goon show, even while he manages (just, it seems) to keep a straight face in dealing with them. It is as if he runs a constant ironic commentary by Norman the son-of-a-bolshie-Cockney-barber on Mr Willis the general secretary.

His performance at last year's Congress — his first — was a shambolic disaster, no less. No surprise, then, when stories were printed earlier this week saying that union leaders had given him fair warning that he was on trial for his job. Mr Clive Jenkins (though he denies it) is said to have suggested to fellow general secretaries first that Willis should go, second that he should be warned he would have to go if he did not do well at Congress. Jenkins got nowhere on the first, but got some covert sympathy on the second. Norman the wide boy *has* to be reconciled to Mr Willis the general secretary, or he's in trouble. But if he does shape up at the rostrum, he can point to a less than disastrous off-stage record.

Willis' vision of the TUC is as a continual process of 'sorting things out'. He has attempted to build on the existing trend towards unions dealing with sectoral problems on industry committees, and says that their constant shuttling in and out of Congress House means that the TUC-union gulf is much narrower. 'Everything used to lead up to or away from Congress: industry committees change that. You can look at Congress as a focus — but not as an end in itself.'

Last year's Congress almost *was* an end in itself, as the electricians and the engineers were

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

held in, off stage, only by large concessions on the part of Willis, backed by Todd, Basnett, Bill Keys of the print union Sogat, and others. The miners, still occupying centre stage, blew away Willis' efforts to construct a bloc of unions which would vote down the NUM's motion demanding a future Labour government reimburse fines incurred during picketing. Riven, split, torn asunder — and that, as Willis might say, was only the good news at Congress 1985.

BUT NOW? The two big craft unions are working away quietly within the fold (leaving aside the little local difficulty at Wapping); only the hard left will oppose a composite motion on labour law which accepts the dear-to-Kinnock's-heart principle of statutory balloting on strikes; a freeze on nuclear power station building policy has been agreed with nearly all unions, including most of the pro-nuclear ones; Arthur Scargill is today's yesterday's man. Not with one bound, but in a series of graceless, incomprehensible shuffles, Norman is free(er).

He is a consistent democrat, holding that 'we are not an anti-parliamentary movement'. He believes that the adoption by unions of the balloting principles promulgated by the present government will become less and less of an issue as the changes are internalised to union practice. 'We are not separate from society: we are unique, but not separate. These laws will come to be accepted, as they fit'.

Less remarked, he has built bridges to business through the monthly talks with the Confederation of British Industry in the forum of the National Economic Development Council (NEDC): he sees any greatness to which the union movement, or any other part of British society, might aspire as being severely conditioned by economic success. 'We have to battle with some employers because some of them are bad buggers. But we're not at war with the employers.' In the past 12 months, Willis has seen the CBI come out for more spending on jobs and less tax cutting, and believes the two bodies can do limited work together on the reflationary side of policy. Typically, he reaches for a joke to make the point: 'I saw a cartoon with a businessman standing on a window ledge ready to jump, and a bloke on the street below calls up "Can I help? I'm a Keynesian".'

ALL OF THE changes for the good (or at least for peace rather than war) may have happened because of him, or may have happened anyway: no one is quite sure, though most give him the benefit of the doubt. What is for sure is that his real test is in the future: it will come when/if Labour forms a government.

He doesn't believe there can be a pay pact with Labour before an election: it is, he says briefly, 'not on' — then quickly appears to change the subject to talk about how the NEDC process is valuable because it rolls on all the time, and you can always bring issues — such as, presumably, pay — to it. He also believes strongly in the National Economic Assessment, agreed between Labour and unions as an annual 'sorting out' of economic priorities — but 'it shouldn't be seen as a summit, but more as a lot of foothills, and climbing them with difficulty will still be better than being stuck in a chasm.'

Medical miracle

Again and again, he stresses that he wants to see constant discussion: his vision is of a movement under a perpetual responsibility to accommodate itself to a reality which it largely does not determine. There is, of course, no virtue in talk which leads nowhere — except if the very time given to the talk itself allows time to change minds. An agenda kept constantly open — Willis's view of how the TUC functions — allows change to seep up from below or down from above, and both have dictated change. 'I show', he says, 'as much patience as the situation demands — perhaps, some say, overmuch on occasions.' As much as the situation demands means, for Willis, as much as it takes for the combatants to come to an agreement, or just give up from weariness. It means he puts in impossible hours: how he carries the burden, along with too much weight and too much tobacco is a minor medical miracle.

Something has to give. What suffers, inevitably, as he shuttles from one overrun meeting to another, is policy argument and reading: he can, at times on radio or TV, appear shockingly badly briefed. He is the man who can get people together: that's his thing. It's another side of his singularity that he seems to care little for what he cannot, or has not tried, to do.

Yet he has shown great courage: his speech against violence on miners' picket lines, in the boiling atmosphere of a packed sports centre in South Wales, in October 1984 was among the bravest of the 1980s. He has taken up the issue of South Africa like a torch, going out to that country last month to see for himself what conditions were like, speaking of little else on his return. Yet you sense that, deeply as he feels the moral case, it is undertaken almost with relief, a welcome break from matters which allow no such easily unifying position.

With all that, he may be the man of the hour for the unions. He is, as a succession of general secretaries were saying earlier this week, while denying they were part of the plot to get rid of him, a 'very nice man'. Yes he is: and though slapdash, eccentric, careless and baffling, he is a bright one, and one capable of a fine performance and a warming gesture. Modesty of purpose and comradeship among members is the Willis programme for the movement, and it is difficult to see what else it is presently capable of. □

BORN TO BE STRIKE FREE

'WHAT'S IN IT FOR ME?'

PHILIP BASSETT on the new and popular individualism

'IT'S A COUPLE of quid a month going to I don't know who, I don't know what it's doing, and I don't think a union can really help me anyway. It's the first time I've worked, and I haven't done anything wrong, and I don't think I will.' This is a teenage girl, an employee in a high-tech factory. This is another: 'I haven't joined the union because I didn't know much about it when I was at school really, but I came here and all you hear about on the television is strikes and demonstrations, and I thought, you know I don't really want to bother with that, so I didn't bother joining, because there's too much argument. I'd rather just be here to work, do my job, and go home in the evening.'

These employees — like an expanding number of the UK workforce, young and female — have not spurned a left-led union with a militant stance, like TASS or the TGWU. The union they have rejected — the only one available at their factory, with its single-union deal — is that right-wing, arch-bastion of moderation and responsibility, the EETPU electricians. If the new employees find a union like the EETPU too militant, and necessary only when they've done something wrong — which given the high unemployment levels, they have no intention of doing — what hope is there for Britain's other unions?

Rodney Bickerstaffe, General Secretary of the public employees' union NUPE, argues that what the EETPU is doing, especially with its strike-free agreements often in foreign-owned, mainly Japanese, high-tech plants, is a denial of collectivism, the very basis of trade unionism. The argument of the EETPU is that collectivism has been rejected, not by the electricians, but by those it is supposed to include — working people.

Though the most publicly prominent, the EETPU is not alone in this kind of thinking on the future, and more limited, role for UK trade unionism. The AEU engineering workers, and the GMB general union, even in some ways the TGWU itself — though the last two are most uncomfortable at the comparison — are realising the huge extent of the changes which are driving unions towards adapting themselves, or going under, and their current, ex- or potential members towards refocusing the question, stressing individualism over collectivism, 'What's in it for me?'.

Broadly, those shifts include changes in:

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

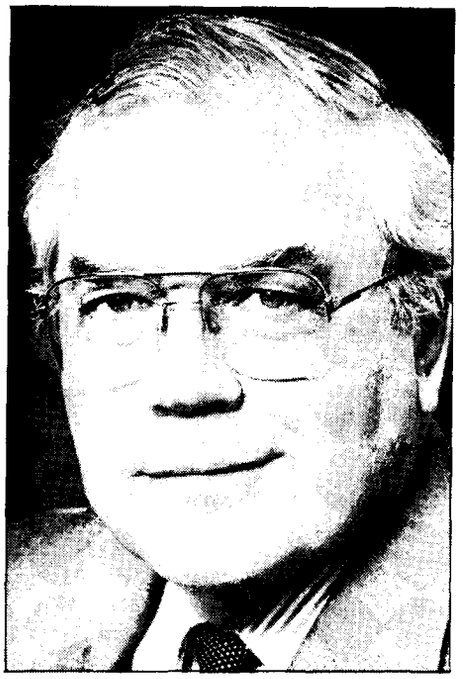
● **LABOUR MARKET.** Unemployment, obviously, is the key determinant — a rise since 1979 from 1.3m to 3.3m, on suspect official figures alone. That has changed attitudes, kept heads down: but almost as significant have been changes in *employment* — shifts from manufacturing to services, from men to women, from full-time to part-time.

● **WORK.** Linked directly to that are industrial changes — the collapse of old, collectivist industries like steel and shipbuilding, the growth of new, individualist ones like high-tech and services. Geographic changes too are evident: work has moved from the old industrial citadels of the North and Midlands to the market towns and fast-food chains of the South.

● **TRADE UNIONISM.** Where unions were strong, *normal* in the old industries, in the old areas, in the new factories in the new places they're not: for many new employees, unions — and, by extension (by voting, too: witness the appalling Labour/Union performance in the 1983 general election), the Labour Party — are just not important, not in their frame of thinking, an irrelevance.

● **ATTITUDES.** Driven by the anti-corporatist, anti-collective employment legislation of the Conservative government, what all this, drawn together, has led to is a fundamental shift in attitude: a rooted individualism which while not precluding collective action, insists on its being on its own terms — hence, especially, the perceived primacy of balloting as *the* principal means of expression.

LABOUR AND THE unions are finally coming to terms with these changes: Brighton next week and Blackpool next month will show how reluctantly, but also how much. What is significant, though, is that much of the argument is already over. Last year's TUC was the watershed: an unexpected conference hall success for Arthur Scargill and the NUM on the issue of sacked miners, but outside the hall, on the issue of public money for union ballots, ran the real change. Eric Hammond of the EETPU, fronted by Gavin Laird of the



Eric Hammond, 'jackal' of business unionism, too militant for the new 'me' generation

AEU, and Arthur Scargill stood for political, social and industrial attitudes that were wholly incompatible: for Scargill, a revolutionary challenge through militant vanguardism, explicitly rejecting the considerations of market economics for his industry, and resting his deliberate affront to the established order entirely on the most stark of class perceptions; for Hammond, an equally explicit rejection of class-based industrial enmity in favour of mutually beneficial co-operation, pragmatically embracing social and technological change, resting his market-based vanguardism on the aggregated assent of the individual.

A year later, and the utterly different mood in advance of the TUC Congress marks the change. Then, feeling against the EETPU and the AEU — the electricians especially — was palpable, running in everyone's thoughts. Now, on an issue — Wapping — in which the EETPU and its members have behaved in a way wholly unacceptable to notions of trade unionism (new or traditional), there's nothing: no sense of outrage, of lusting for the EETPU's blood.

Why not? Why won't the EETPU be suspended from Congress? Partly because the union itself has come back from the precipice: no one on the Electricians' executive talks much now of being outside the TUC. But mostly, it's because the EETPU, with the AEU, is *no longer alone*: Ron Todd and Bill Morris at the TGWU are talking for the first time about the union adjusting to a changing labour market; though still an opponent of the pendulum arbitration strike-substitute mechanism at the heart of the electricians' and engineers' strike-free deals, John Edmonds at the GMB has launched his own glossy, single union package to woo high-tech employers and to complement the individual rights pitch aimed at workers — the 'new servant class' according to Edmonds — in the service industries.

COMING TO TERMS with change is the common theme of all these developments. Is that change permanent? Will the new pattern of industrial relations come unstuck when the industrial climate improves, or when, as the far-left *Socialist Worker* suggested last week on reviewing these changes, the working class revitalises itself and rises up against them? The best guess that can be made now is that not only is such insurrectionism unlikely, but that at least some of the changes are permanent, too fundamental to be reversed. At least in part, the factors which have brought about the changes, and developments like the strike-free deals which spring from them, still apply: unemployment is still climbing, employment is still changing, technology is still advancing. So, no significant increase in the size of the industrial workforce looks likely, skill distinctions will continue to be blurred by technology, maintaining in its turn the trend towards smaller plants, less likely to be unionised.

Where does all this leave trade unionism? Next week's Congress will give an indication of that — but little more. It may well show the unions, at a formal level, in better shape than in recent years, and ready for a new albeit radically different relationship with Labour. But the sound and fury of Congress is not very likely to draw many non-trade unionists — now a majority of the workforce — back into collectivism. Arguing the case for trade unionism, selling its advantages, is still down to hard slogging by the unions' footsoldiers out in the field. But the signs that some of the major unions are reading the runes correctly, and are making efforts to change, will be, for those still trying for recruitment and recognition, a help. Whether the new positivism of some unions will be enough to crack their real, root problem — the epidemic growth of non-unionism, especially in the new, individually-focused areas of work which form what limited prospects there are for new jobs — is impossible now to tell: but it's clear that Britain's unions face their greatest challenge yet. □

Philip Bassett is Labour Editor of the Financial Times, *and the author of* Strike Free: New Industrial Relations in Britain *(Macmillan, £10.95).*

The Inner London Education Authority's Contract Compliance Equal Opportunities Unit invites delegates to the T.U.C. to a Lunchtime Meeting

EQUAL OPPORTUNITIES – SUPPLYING THE GOODS

Contract Compliance : Towards a National Policy

at The Preston Room, Royal Albion Hotel, Old Steine, Brighton

12.45-2.00pm on Wednesday 3rd September 1986

Speakers:

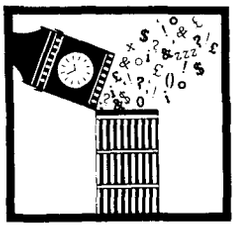
Councillor John Carr
Chair, ILEA Trading and Supplies Sub-Committee

Margaret Prosser
Women's Officer TGWU

Herman Ouseley
ILEA Director of Education (Equal Opportunities & Policy Co-ordination)

ILEA CONTRACT COMPLIANCE · EQUAL OPPORTUNITIES UNIT ·

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Don't tell a soul, but for once the Treasury is right

BEFORE WE PROCEED to the traditional circuit of autumn seaside amusements, starting with the TUC next week in Brighton, some unfinished summer business deserves attention.

At the beginning of this month a flurry of interest attended the Law Lords' judgment on the sale of the Trustee Savings Banks. Had it not been August, and had Parliament been sitting, the flurry might have escalated to a whirlwind — and might yet do so — because the government has been caught giving away public property without due care and attention; and in its attempt to pretend that everything has been above board, the Treasury has annunciated a constitutional doctrine of singular significance.

The point at issue is who owns the TSBs? A group of depositors argued that the banks were owned by their depositors; privatisation would be a form of theft as it would mean the government selling something it didn't own. The government's response, in a White Paper in December 1984, was:

> The TSBs do not belong to the government, Nor do they belong to the trustees, to their employees or to their depositors.

So there. The £800 million-worth of TSB assets, it seemed, belonged to nobody. This meant, among other things, that privatisation would not yield the government any money. People who bought TSB shares would be handing over their money to the TSB group itself, not the Exchequer. The asset base of the privatised TSB would be £800 million plus the proceeds of privatisation.

The depositors' lawsuit fought this view through to the Law Lords. Four weeks ago their judgment was published. The depositors lost their case because, in the words of Lord Templeman, 'statutory trustees savings banks and their assets belonged to the state'.

Some hell broke loose (the rest of hell being on holiday at the time). The depositors may have lost their case, but the government was made to look foolish. It was judged to be in the process of giving away £800 million of its own assets.

Or was it? The Treasury's response was exquisitely feline: a collector's item for connoisseurs of mandarin logic-chopping. It sought to distinguish between the *state* and the *government*:

> Lord Templeman did not rule that the surplus assets of the Trustee Savings Banks were owned by the government. It would have been unthinkable for the government to have laid claim to those assets.

So that's all right then. The government is but one part of the state. Any suggestion that they may be regarded as one and the same should be fiercely resisted.

THAT LINE of reasoning is nonsense. The state and the government are one and the same. Who says so? The government. When Clive Ponting was prosecuted under Section Two of the Official Secrets Act, it was part of the Crown's case that — in the words of the Act — he had acted in a 'manner prejudicial to the safety or interests of the state'.

Roy Amlot, the prosecuting barrister,

PETER KELLNER

submitted during the trial that 'interests of the state' and 'government policy' were identical. He had a clear tactical reason for pursuing this argument, for it would be far easier to prove the narrow point that Ponting had defied ministers than the wider point that he had acted against the interests of the state.

Much of the trial turned on this very point. Ponting wrote later that his argument that he had served the real 'interests of the state' by defying ministers was 'the fundamental pillar of our defence'*. When the judge, Justice McCowan, ruled that the 'interests of the state' should indeed be defined as 'the policies of the organs of government', Ponting concluded that 'our whole defence has been swept away'. Fortunately the jury disregarded the judge's ruling; otherwise Ponting would have gone to jail.

If we apply the government's Ponting-trial logic to the Trustee Savings Banks, we rapidly run aground. The TSBs have hitherto been owned by 'the state'. It has been the duty of their managers to run them in accordance with the interests of their owners — that is, the interests of the state. The interests of the state are synonymous with the policies of the government. Therefore the duty of TSB managers has been to act in accordance with the policies of the government. That arguments leads inexorably to the conclusion that any privatisation of the TSBs should be a proper sale, with the Exchequer receiving the proceeds.

Alternatively, the logic of the Treasury's TSB statement — that the state and the government are two quite different entities — could be applied to the Ponting trial. In that case the prosecution should have accepted what an earlier Law Lord, Lord Reid, said in the early 1960s:

> State is not an easy word. It does not mean the government or the executive . . . The interests of the majority are not the interests of the state.

Reid did not define what the state was (he spoke vaguely about 'the realm' and the 'organised community'). Nevertheless his negative assertion then, like the Treasury's today, that state and government are different, would have forced the Ponting prosecution to go far beyond the obvious assertion that he had acted against Michael Heseltine's wishes.

So the government has got itself into a mess over the definition of the state. But so has the opposition. The immediate reaction of Labour's front bench to the Law Lords' TSB ruling was to assert that the state and the government are identical, and *for that precise reason* the government is wrong to give away the TSBs' £800 million-worth of assets. Had that line of logic been consistently applied, Clive Ponting could not have been acquitted.

There is always fun to be had from bouncing politicians' inconsistencies between different events. But serious issues arise in the state/government argument, and the worst possible way to settle them is by accumulating tactical comments designed to serve short-term interests.

As a fundamental principle, it is surely wrong to give 'the state' and 'the government' the same meaning. Almost all dictatorships consider the two to be identical; and that identity provides the justification for their tyranny. Ministers decide that such shall be so: *therefore* it is government policy; *therefore* it is in the interests of the state: *therefore* it is right. Such a closed circular argument offers tyrants the advantage of repelling any intrusion that takes the form of independent judgment or moral dissent.

Better to build on what Lord Reid said in the 1960s, and try to construct separate, adequate definitions of state and government. It will not be an easy task; nor will its consequences always be palatable to a radical government, for any attempt to design a concept of 'the state' beyond the reach of 'the government' is bound to end up limiting the powers of ministers.

Insisting on the separateness of the two also makes it harder to shove Lord Templeman's words down the Treasury's throat in the battle over the TSBs. But the case against their privatisation, and specifically against the 'gift' of £800 million to the TSBs' new shareholders, should have a more secure basis than the tyrannical equation of state and government. □

* *The Right to Know*; Sphere, £2.50

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ABOLISH IMPARTIALITY AND FIND RESPONSIBILITY

JOHN ELLIS

TELEVISION current affairs needs a new deal. We are witnessing the dying days of the doctrine of impartiality, whereby, to quote the IBA's guidelines, 'each current affairs or documentary programme dealing with matters of political or industrial controversy or relating to current public policy should normally attempt to be impartial in itself'. The even-handed, non-committal style that tends to result from this notion gives us some remarkably boring and limited programmes. Everyone is familiar with the format that collects major spokespersons in a studio with a neutral chairperson, lets them 'debate' for 25 or 50 minutes, and ends with a platitude from the chair. The only thing you learn from such a format is who has been trained in self-presentation on TV, and who hasn't.

Impartiality assumes that TV can be neutral (which it never is); it circumscribes TV's coverage of current affairs to an inconclusive debate about general issues on the one hand, and the investigation of specific injustices on the other; and it means that TV cannot work out its own agendas for its current affairs coverage. The fiction of TV's neutrality is maintained only because the editorial processes that lead to specific subjects being chosen and specific journalists allocated to them are completely mysterious to outsiders; and the sources of news material (particularly the role of local contacts or stringers abroad) are never made clear. TV has now been in the journalism business long enough for its editorial choices to be made as public as those of newspapers. We know where the *Daily Telegraph* or the *Guardian* or the *Economist* are coming from; so why not *Panorama* or *This Week* or *A Week in Politics* or *Weekend World*?

Impartiality covers major questions of public debate and policy information. It does not cover issues like 'drug-trafficking, cruelty and racial intolerance on which society, even today, is virtually unanimous' (IBA Guidelines), nor does it cover what foreigners get up to, provided no British interests are at stake. The BBC has recently been criticised from the vociferous backwoods over its South African coverage, as the BBC clearly assumed that apartheid was something that society was virtually unanimous in condemning (as Thatcher has always done verbally); the backwoods clearly held a more naive conception of current affairs and impartiality or balance.

Clearly the complexities even of the existing doctrines have not been sufficiently explained to the viewing audience. So there is grumbling when TV does step beyond the 'inconclusive debate' format into one of the permitted deviations: slagging off unimportant foreigners; assuming a consensus on things like drugs; or investigating specific scandals like the recent ITV investigations of the Birmingham Pub Bombing case, or *Panorama*'s excavations of hospital kitchens.

These are conclusive and decisive investigations. But they remain at the level of the specific. The doctrine of impartiality means that TV can and does reveal scandals of mismanagement at a local level in the health service, for instance, and can name guilty parties. But TV cannot draw a general conclusion from these instances, about the general mismanagement of the health service that has resulted from government cuts and hierarchical management practices. On such matters of public policy, impartiality reigns. So we have a two-tier current affairs system: indignation at the particular instance; neutrality on the structural causes. This dichotomy makes for bad journalism.

IMPARTIALITY also means that TV takes its basic current affairs agenda from elsewhere. In order to appear impartial, TV has to avoid being seen to say 'This issue is important', so it waits for parliament and the newspapers to tell it so. A specific example: 18 months ago President Marcos, as he then was, imprisoned Lino Brocka, a leading Filipino film director and civil rights activist. Simone de Beauvoir devoted an hour of French TV to a protest. His latest film was about to open in London; I had footage of Brocka talking about his civil rights work, so I offered it (free) to Channel 4 News. They said they hadn't seen the story in the papers; I told them about *Le Monde, Liberation*, the British support committee, as well as French TV. They still did not believe that it was a news item. Two days later it had appeared in *Time Out*: then Channel 4 News became interested.

By that time, Lino Brocka was well on his way to being freed as a result of foreign pressure and news coverage. But even for Channel 4 News, it was not a story until the British press had defined it as important. This dependence on the British press would seem to call into question one of the bases of the impartiality doctrine, since the British press is not known for its impartiality as an institution. Indeed, TV practitioners of current affairs often point to the state of the press as a reason for maintaining the current system. 'If we were not enjoined to be impartial' they say, 'then it would be big money talks loudest, like in Fleet Street'. But if TV takes its cue from Fleet Street anyway, isn't it lending the veneer of impartiality to the rhetoric of the centre-right press?

We need a new deal for TV current affairs, both to free it from having its agenda set by the press, and to work as a counterweight to the press. It is just not true in the regulated system we now have that freedom from the demands of impartiality will lead to a current affairs system that's available to be purchased by vested interests; nor to a right (or even left) biased set of programmes; nor to a descent into opinions that fly in the face of facts. Such misconceptions are based on the pitiful state of the British press; and if we are to avoid such a thing happening if and when the multi-channel future becomes real, then current affairs must change now.

WE HAVE one example of how current affairs could be structured: Channel 4's *Diverse Reports*, which shows partisan reports on topics chosen by an editorial process that remains, unfortunately, a mystery, beyond 'we put on what others wouldn't dream of doing'. Its partisan reports are usually constructed to try to convince doubters and unbelievers, hence they are (with admitted exceptions) scrupulous about their marshalling of evidence. They are of course bound by libel laws.

Diverse Reports and *Opinions* in its way are our only series with defined editorial stances. Every current affairs programme should have a stated stance: one tending towards monetarism, another towards socialist thinking, a third off-the-wall like *Diverse Reports*, a fourth claiming to be objective, a fifth muckraking, a sixth feminist and so on. Across the whole TV system (and this must be stressed, since I am not proposing an exclusively left or right *channel*, but a pluralism of voices across the system of four channels) we would see a continuous series of definite statements from recognisable and stated viewpoints.

The regular editorial teams of each major current affairs series (*Panorama* or *TV Eye* etc) would become more responsible editorially. They would have to make publicly

ROGER WODDIS

The good guys

US plans to 'rubble-ise' Libyan oil refineries are hinted at in the administration's stated intention to 'employ all appropriate measures to stop Libyan-sponsored terrorism.'

Terror must be met with terror,
Tyrants must be brought to heel;
Action in the name of freedom
Bears the presidential seal.
Facts that winna ding are fiction,
Only Rambo's dreams are real.

Stores of oil reduced to rubble
Help to keep the hungry fed;
God is sure to bless our muscles
Exercising in the Med.
Who respects the law is yellow,
Who suspects the strong is red.

Let who will be soft on Satan,
Thank the Lord we're not like that;
All that makes our terror firmer
Sanctifies the democrat,
Even though the blackest villain
Often wears the whitest hat.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

accountable statements of their general editorial principles; they would employ a wider range of specialist journalists rather than the regular anchorpersons currently used; they would be actively engaged in making programmes about what they consider to be important — not what Fleet, Downing or Threadneedle Streets told them was important. In addition, opinionated single documentaries of the type pioneered by Channel 4 would provide a vital further component, militating against any complacency among the series production teams.

We now have enough TV current affairs to make this possible; and we have seen how Channel 4 has introduced a calculated lack of impartiality into the TV system without a wholesale decline in journalistic standards. This system of high-profile editorialising current affairs needs to be regulated. A regulatory body should ensure that no gross imbalance tends to occur towards one general political or philosophical tendency. This would be joint regulation of the BBC and the ITV current affairs system, of course. Then public accountability should be introduced, by a built-in 'right of reply' mechanism within the programmes themselves; by debate in any newspaper or periodical that cares on the stated editorial priorities and actual practices of each series; and by TV programmes themselves which criticise current affairs.

Finally, we'd see a more responsible form of TV current affairs. In taking responsibility for its own editorial judgements; in claiming a general editorial point of view for each series and single programme; journalism would have to be even sharper than at present, even more attentive to evidence and its uses, if sceptical viewers were to be convinced. □

No. 4: Zionists and others

LABOUR LEADERS' opposition to Black Sections isn't because they'd unleash yet another flood of entrists, leftists, careerists and sundry status-quo squashers onto the GMCs of deselectable front-benchers. It's because they smack of apartheid and the ghetto. Faced with such fixity of principle, apprentice entrists may quail. But astute students of our hijackers' guide will by now appreciate that the people's party's fundamental rules always have loopholes where the unthinkable has been legitimised by immemorial custom, practice — and convenience.

What about Poale Zion? Founded in the shtetls and ghettoes of the Czars it's almost a Jewish section of the Labour Party, hallowed and principled as only 65 years' affiliation can make an 80-year-old body. No rule says members must be Jewish, but it does help applicants to a Jewish Socialist party, and incoming PZ chair Ian Mikardo has no doubts about who membership is aimed at: 'We set up Labour Friends of Israel for non-Jews', he said. 'Our aim is to represent the Labour Party to Jewish people, and Zionism to the Labour Party. We're even affiliated to the Board of Deputies.'

The received wisdom is that the Jewish vote has been drifting rightwards with increasing affluence. Former PZ Chair Reg Freeson claims that left anti-Zionist stands have upset many Jewish voters. But even so, it is claimed that 40 per cent of Britain's 350,000 Jews vote Labour — still more than the non-Jewish population.

Ian Mikardo says that they're now targeting some 12 to 15 constituencies with a significant Jewish vote for a membership drive. 'We're not worried about "infiltrators", I welcome them', claims Mikardo. 'I want more members, and more affiliations to the CLPs.' Recently deselected Freeson can be forgiven for not entirely endorsing such a stand, but doesn't disagree with the need for better organisation.

Although PZ affiliates nationally for 4,001 members, prominent members privately give a figure of about 600 active members, now the Young Turks of the Jewish Labour Caucus (JLC) have joined. Dark mutterings from some of the squeezed old guard imply that infiltrators have already taken over, but the JLC claim they're rescuing PZ from moribundity, not just using it to get to CLPs — as they in turn imply the old right did.

Ian Mikardo sees the differences as a matter of style more than politics, but the JLC see themselves as democratic left trying to put socialism back into the Jewish community. They point to last year when the General Secretary was asked to resign, or as the press release put it, 'Right-Wing Kangaroo Court attempts to depose GS'. They're determined to reverse the present situation where there are more Jewish Tory than Labour MPs and where the Chief Rabbi has discovered that Milton Friedman wrote large parts of the Talmud.

PZ has clearly passed its nadir; they're now computerising membership records, so joining is a more visible act than past informality. But despite the difficulties, comrades with clichéd lines in political invective will benefit from mixing in a field where 'revisionists' are Menachem Begin's mob, and where the PZ right can be described as 'like court Jews . . . they preferred to mix with the leadership of the Labour Party rather than identify with the left'. Despite Mikardo's invitation, current entry prospects are difficult except for specialists.

TIMING IS ALL in penetration, so while you all missed your big chance to get comatose PZ before revival, with the Labour Association of Social Workers you've let the coma develop to terminal moribundity. Definitely the smallest — ever — of the affiliated societies it was the last one in before the door was closed in 1973. Indeed there are suggestions that the door was slammed rather than closed, to stop others following where Richard Balfe had so ingeniously blazed the trail.

Its major advantage for the entrist from the caring professions is that over most of the country there are no branches or members to oppose your takeover bid. The disadvantage is that even Walworth Road press office hasn't got the current address. When we tracked it down the trail was very, very cold. Mary Honeyball, secretary and treasurer, 'wasn't sure' how many members LASW had, but was fairly sure it was no longer affiliated to any constituency.

'Social worker' is to the right of 'witch-hunter' on Militant's scale of epithets, so you can imagine a comrade's advice to a distressed single mother: 'There, there. Just sign over your giros to the fighting fund, sell these papers and wait till Labour's elected on a socialist programme!' Despite that, Militant overcame their prejudice and once tried to use the Basildon branch to get on the local GMC. They lost interest and so it seems have most other members, who haven't sent a delegate to Party Conference for two years. Mary thought the question of joining the Socialist Health Association would be on the agenda if they could get round to it. An agenda that is.

Ian Williams

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LABOUR DOESN'T NEED A PAY DEAL WITH THE UNIONS

PAUL ORMEROD

LABOUR'S ECONOMIC programme is now being picked over more carefully than at any time for years: the first skirmishing has shown the right focusing on the amount of borrowing Labour's plans would require. Most of their numbers have been bogus: the plans have been costed carefully to bring unemployment down by 1m in two years with a borrowing requirement of no more than that of the early 1980s, and probably less.

But a more subtle criticism now emerges, from the centrist economic establishment and even from some economists sympathetic to Labour. It is that there is a void where an incomes policy should be; and many pro-Labour people regard its presence as an essential prerequisite of an overall strategy. *I believe this view is wrong.*

From the City come some ingenious wheezes: a popular one links pay policy with profit-sharing schemes. In this firms who introduce profit-sharing schemes will obtain income tax relief for their employees on the profit share component of total revenue — but only if the firm participates in an incomes policy. We should not wonder at the popularity of such a scheme in a sector of the economy where any innovation which introduced further allowances to offset income tax would greatly benefit workers earning annual salaries in the £100,000-£200,000 range. They represent, immediately, a further tax handout to the wealthy — the reason for their popularity with the Chancellor.

Concern over wages and the need for incomes policies to control them has been a persistent theme in British economic thinking. In the early 1940s, economists and other social scientists planning the shape of post-war society were convinced that full employment would inevitably lead to wage explosions and increases in inflation. Kalecki, the great Polish economist living in Britain during the war, was the most explicit about the underlying reason for this view. Full employment would 'increase the power and self-confidence of the working class' and make a wage explosion inevitable.

In fact, post-war full employment did *not* lead to such an event, which puzzled economists in the 1950s. Anthony Crosland, in his 1956 *Future of Socialism*, considered the problem and concluded that incomes policies would do more harm than good.

SERIOUS WAGE PRESSURE did not start to happen in the UK until the late 1960s, after more than 20 years of full employment. It began at the same time that the post-war economic boom began to falter, as the growth rate slowed. Expectations of increases in living standards had previously been satisfied through real economic growth, so that conflict over the distribution of national income between wages and profits had not been a major issue. Since the late 1960s the average annual growth of real output (i.e. after allowing for inflation) has been just over 1.5 per cent compared to nearly 3 per cent in the 20 years leading up to the late 1960s: the rate of increase in real living standards has been almost halved. It is thus not surprising that struggles over the distribution of national income have been much more intense in the past 20 years than in the previous 20, and this has expressed itself in occasional periods of rapid accelerations in the increase in wages.

The message for Labour is clear. *Provided that the overall economic strategy leads to high economic growth, a fundamental cause of upward pressure on wages will have been removed.* Success breeds success. High economic growth will make a formal incomes policy irrelevant. It is only if the policies do not deliver that wage 'militancy' is likely to be a problem in the private sector. Under such conditions, the worst of all worlds materialises. Economic growth is weak, unemployment falls only slowly or not at all, and the Chancellor is confronted with pressure on wages as workers seek to maintain increases in real living standards. It is *then* that crisis packages are forced through the Cabinet, and the experiences of 1966 and 1975/76 are repeated.

Existing macro-economic models will be kept busy in the next year or so in demonstrating that Labour's policies can only work with an incomes policy in place. Without such a policy, it will be argued, wage increases will accelerate dramatically as soon as unemployment begins to fall, inflation will take off as costs rise in consequence, and the whole episode will end in tears. But most existing models have built into them the very assumption which is required in order to give this result, namely that there is a strong, positive connection between falling unemployment and higher wage increases.

It is very difficult to obtain such a result empirically — and it is very difficult precisely because there is very little evidence in its favour. Many of the people who will be re-employed under Labour's programme, for example, will be from the long-term unemployed and they will be employed in various special employment schemes. There is no direct connection between a reduction in unemployment brought about in this way and the pressure of demand for extra wage increases in, say, the computer programming industry. Higher economic growth can even help to moderate inflationary pressures rather than to intensify them.

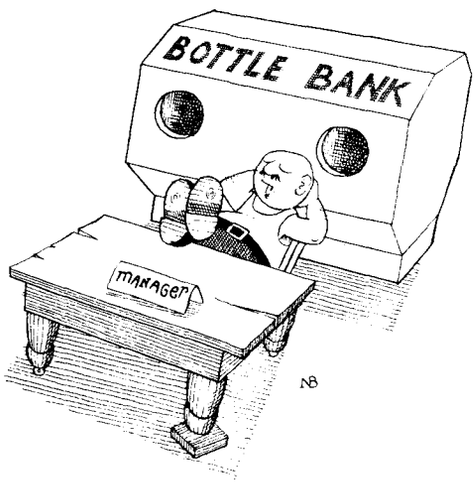
This is not to say that wage-led pressure on the economy cannot bring severe difficulties. But it is far more likely that wage pressure will arise if the economy as a whole gets into difficulty, than it is the other way round. *The conventional direction of causation is misleading.*

The public sector represents the potential exception to the rule, and it is here that Labour most needs agreement on pay. Public sector workers believe that they have fallen behind in relative pay compared to the private sector under the Thatcher government. In fact, most public sector workers have done rather well, since it was one of the first major acts of the present government to implement the Clegg awards in 1979/80, which gave huge increases to many public sector workers. This is not to deny that there are genuine areas of grievance in the public sector, and in particular genuine problems of low pay: each individual case on its merits looks plausible.

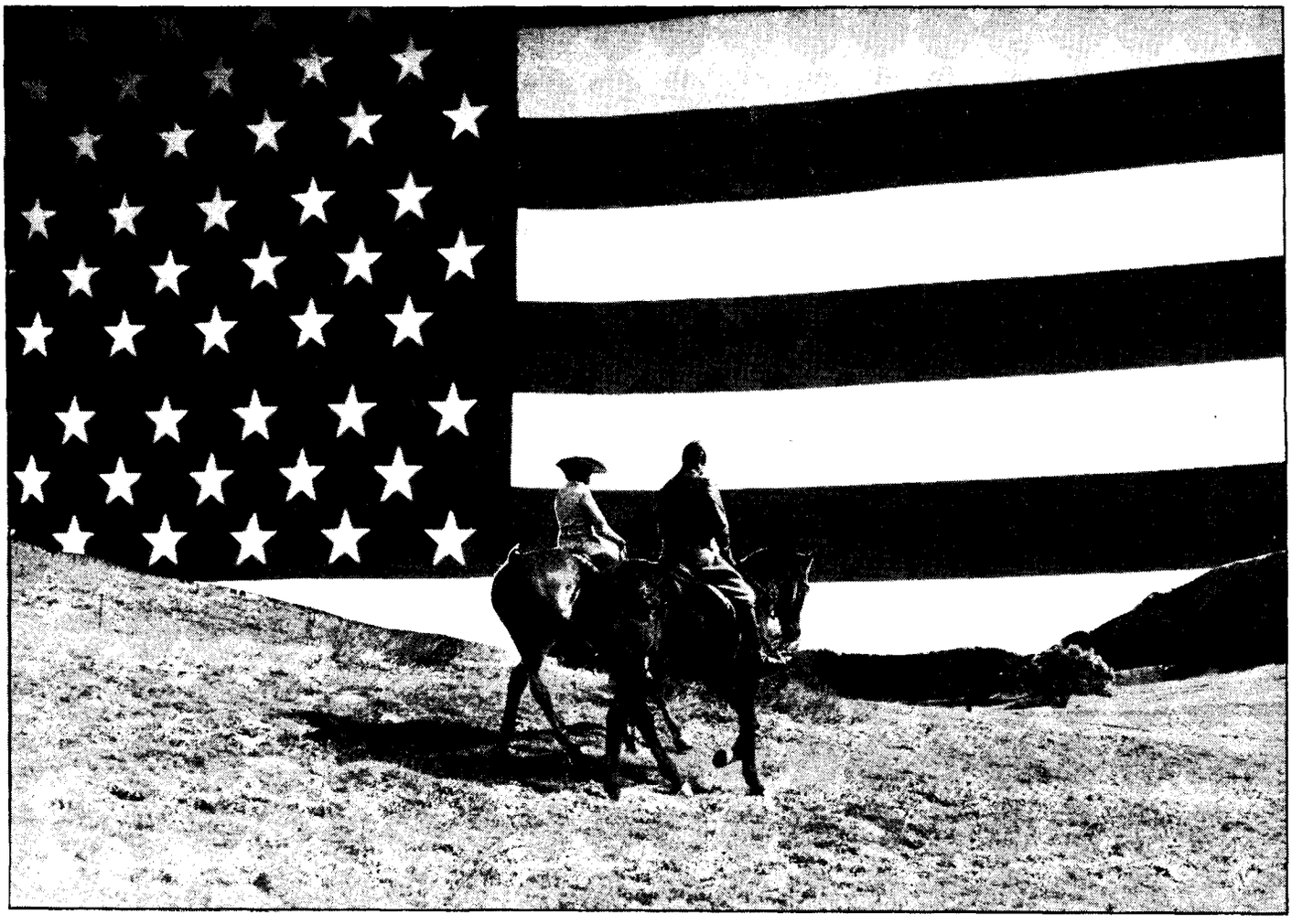
The danger for Labour is two-fold. First, the public sector seeks to restore the unusually favourable position which it enjoyed in 1980. Second, and more importantly, a rapid and concerted move on this front after the election would definitely lead to catch-up pressure in the private sector and would place the whole economic strategy in jeopardy.

It is perfectly feasible to obtain public sector union agreement to a phased restoration of their relative pay position, particularly if the priority of low pay is tackled. It is much more difficult to secure such agreement with private sector-based unions. More fundamentally, it is far less relevant to do so. Only one-third of the labour force in the private sector is unionised, and those who are unionised are far less relevant to the pay round. In the 1970s, the annual pay deal at Ford was watched with great anticipation in Whitehall. Now, the emphasis has switched dramatically to the service sector, and pay deals in the car industry are much less important in setting the going rate for wage increases than they were even ten years ago. Incomes policies for the private sector are indeed irrelevant. □

Paul Ormerod is director of the Henley Centre.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



MAKING AMERICA FEEL GOOD ABOUT ITSELF

America's moral majority claims to be rooted in nice, friendly, traditional values. It's a false claim, asserts CHRISTOPHER LASCH — but an effective one

IN ORDER TO understand what's wrong with the right, we must first understand the basis of its appeal. Conservatism owes its growing strength to its unembarrassed defence of patriotism, ambition, competition, and common sense, long ridiculed by cosmopolitan sophisticates, and to its demand for a return to basics. Far from defending the existing distribution of power, many conservatives, especially those who stress so-called social issues, deplore the excessive influence allegedly exercised by educated elites and see themselves as embattled defenders of values that run counter to the dominant values. They attribute most of the country's ills to the rise of a 'highly educated, relatively affluent group which benefits more from America's riches than its less educated fellow countrymen' yet condemns the 'values and institutions responsible for producing these riches.'

Members of this new class, according to Jeane Kirkpatrick, 'shape debate, determine agendas, define standards and propose and evaluate policies.' It is they who allegedly advocate unlimited abortion, attack religion and the family, criticise capitalism, destroy general education in the name of unlimited freedom of choice, replace basic subjects in the lower schools with sex education and values clarification, and promote a new ethic of hedonism and self-exploration. From a conservative point of view, a return to basics demands a democratic movement against entrenched interests, in the course of which traditionalists will have to master techniques of 'sustained activism' formerly monopolised by the left.

The left has lost the common touch. Failing to create a popular consensus in favour of its policies, the left has relied on the courts, the federal bureaucracy, and the media to achieve its goals of racial integration, affirmative action, and economic equality. Ever since World War II, it has used essentially undemocratic means to achieve democratic ends, and it has paid the price for this evasive strategy in the loss of public confidence and support. Increasingly isolated from popular opinion, liberals and social democrats attempt to explain away opposition to economic equality as 'working-class authoritarianism,' status anxiety, *resentiment*, 'white racism', male chauvinism, and proto-fascism. The left sees nothing but bigotry and superstition in the popular defence of the family or in popular attitudes regarding abortion, crime, busing, and the school curriculum.

The left no longer stands for common sense, as it did in the days of Tom Paine. It has come to regard common sense — the traditional wisdom and folkways of the community — as an obstacle to progress and enlightenment. Because it equates tradition with prejudice, it finds itself increasingly unable to converse with ordinary people in their common

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

language. Increasingly it speaks its own jargon, the therapeutic jargon of social science and the service professions that seems to serve mostly to deny what everybody knows.

The question of the family, which now divides our society so deeply that the opposing sides cannot even agree on a definition of the institution they are arguing about, illustrates and supports the contention that the left has lost touch with popular opinion, thereby making it possible for the right to present itself as the party of common sense. The presumption behind the older definition of the family is that ties of kinship and even of marriage and adoption are likely to be more demanding than ties of friendship and proximity. This is precisely why many people continue to value them.

For most Americans, even for those who are disenchanted with their own marriages, family life continues to represent a stabilizing influence and a source of personal discipline in a world where personal disintegration remains always an imminent danger. A growing awareness of the depth of popular attachment to the family has led some liberals, rather belatedly, to concede that 'family' is not just a 'buzz word for reaction,' as Betty Friedan puts it. But since these same liberals subscribe to the new flexible, pluralistic definition of the family, their defence of families carries no *conviction*.

They ask people to believe, moreover, that there is no conflict between feminism and the family. Most women, according to Friedan, want both feminism and the family and reject categorisation as pro-family or anti-family, pro-feminist or anti-feminist. Most women are pragmatists, in other words, who have allowed 'extremists' on the left and right to manipulate the family issue for their own purposes and to create a 'political polarisation between feminism and the family.' Her suspicion of ideology and her belief that it is possible to have things both ways — even in a crippled economy — place Friedan's argument squarely in the liberal tradition, the very tradition that needs to be rethought and outgrown.

But if the family issue illustrates characteristic weaknesses of American liberalism, which have been effectively exploited by the right, it also illustrates why the right-wing defence of 'traditional values' proves equally unsatisfactory. Consider Rita Kramer's book, *In Defense of the Family*. Although this book contains much good sense about childrearing, its explanation of the plight of the family is completely inadequate. Kramer blames the plight of the family on interfering experts, on liberal intellectuals pushing their own permissive morality as scientific truth, on the mass media, and on the bureaucratic welfare state. Her position seems to be that the nuclear family is so far superior to any other form of childrearing that its persistence can be taken for granted — if only the experts would go away and leave it alone.

This argument takes no account of the evidence that most people no longer live in nuclear families at all. It takes no account of the likelihood that women have entered the work force because they have no other choice.

The last three decades have seen the collapse of the family wage system, under which

Camera Press

Billy Graham: well may he pray for instant health and overseas expansion

American enterprise, in effect, invested in the single-income family as the best way of domesticating the working class and forestalling labour militancy. This development is one more that signals the arrival of a two-tiered society. Today it is no longer an unwritten law of American capitalism that industry will attempt to maintain wages at a level that allows a single wage to support a family. By 1976, only 40 per cent of all jobs paid enough to support a family.

This trend reflects, among other things, a radical de-skilling of the work force, the substitution of machinery for skilled labour, and a vast increase in the number of low-paying unskilled jobs, many of which, of course, are now filled by women. These are among the 'blessings of technology' not considered by Rita Kramer. Meanwhile the consumer ethic has spread to men, as Barbara Ehrenreich points out in her study, *The Hearts of Men*. For thirty years, publications like *Playboy* have been urging men to define themselves not as breadwinners but as sybarites, lovers, connoisseurs of sex and style — in short as playboys. The idea that a man has an obligation to support a wife and family has come under attack not by feminist intellectuals or government bureaucrats but by Hugh Hefner and other promoters of a consumerist way of life.

Devices for relief

It is the logic of consumerism that undermines the values of loyalty and permanence and promotes a different set of values that is destructive of family life — and much else besides. Kramer argues that the old bourgeois virtues should be 'given a long, hard look before we discard them in the name either of greater self-fulfillment or greater altruism.' But these values are being discarded precisely because they no longer serve the needs of a system of production based on advanced technology, unskilled labour, and mass consumption.

The therapeutic ethic, which has replaced the 19th-century utilitarian ethic, does not serve the 'class interest' of professionals alone, as Daniel Moynihan and other critics of the 'new class' have argued; it serves the needs of advanced capitalism as a whole. Moynihan points out that by emphasising impulse rather than calculation as the determinant of human conduct, and by holding society responsible for the problems confronting individuals, a 'government-oriented' professional class has attempted to create a demand for its own services.

Professionals, he observes, have a vested interest in discontent, because discontented people turn to professional devices for relief. But the same principle underlies modern capitalism in general which continually tries to create new demands and new discontents that can be assuaged only by the consumption of commodities. The same historical development that turned the citizen into a client transformed the worker from a producer into a consumer.

The right insists that the 'new class' controls the mass media and uses this control to wage a 'class struggle' against business, as Irving Kristol puts it. Since the mass media are financed by advertising revenues, however, it is hard to take this contention seriously. It is advertising and the logic of consumerism, not anti-capitalist ideology, that governs the depiction of reality in the mass media.

Conservatives complain that television mocks 'free enterprise' and presents businessmen as 'greedy, malevolent, and corrupt,' like J.R. Ewing. To see anti-capitalist propaganda in a programme like *Dallas*, however, requires a suspension not merely of critical judgment but of ordinary faculties of observation. Images of luxury, romance, and excitement dominate such programmes, as they dominate the advertisements that surround and engulf them. *Dallas* is itself an advertisement for the good life, like almost everything on television — that is, for the good life conceived as endless novelty, change, and excitement, as the titillation of the senses by every available stimulant, as unlimited possibility. 'Make it new' is the message not just of modern art but of modern consumerism, of which modern art, indeed — even when it claims to side with the social revolution — is largely a mirror image.

Even the reporting of news has to be understood not as propaganda for any particular ideology, liberal or conservative, but as propaganda for commodities — for the replacement of things by commodities, use values by exchange values, and events by images. The very concept of news celebrates newness. The value of news, like that of any other commodity, consists primarily of its novelty, only secondarily of its informational value. As Waldo Frank pointed out many years ago, the news appeals to the same jaded appetite that makes a child tire of a toy as soon as it becomes familiar and demand a new one.

We can carry this analysis one step further by pointing out that the model of ownership, in a society organised around mass consumption, is addiction. The need for novelty and fresh stimulation becomes ever more intense, intervening interludes of boredom increasingly intolerable. It is with

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

good reason that William Burroughs refers to the modern consumer as an 'image junkie.'

Conservatives sense a link between television and drugs, but they do not grasp the nature of this connection any more than they grasp the important fact about news: that it represents another form of advertising, not liberal propaganda. Propaganda in the ordinary sense of the term plays a less and less important part in a consumer society, where people greet all official pronouncements with suspicion. Mass media themselves contribute to the prevailing scepticism; one of their main effects is to undermine trust in authority, devalue heroism and charismatic leadership, and reduce everything to the same dimensions.

The effect of the mass media is not to elicit belief but to maintain the apparatus of addiction. Drugs are merely the most obvious form of addiction in our society. It is true that drug addiction is one of the things that undermines 'traditional values', but the need for drugs — that is, for commodities that alleviate boredom and satisfy the socially stimulated desire for novelty and excitement — grows out of the very nature of a consumerist economy.

The intellectual debility of contemporary conservatism is indicated by its silence on all these important matters. Neoclassical economics takes no account of the importance of advertising. It extols the 'sovereign consumer' and insists that advertising cannot force consumers to buy anything they don't already want to buy. This argument misses the point. The point isn't that advertising manipulates the consumer or directly influences consumer choices. The point is that it makes the consumer an addict, unable to live without increasingly sizeable doses of externally provided stimulation.

Conservatives conceive the capitalist economy as it was in the time of Adam Smith, when property was still distributed fairly widely, businesses were individually owned, and commodities still retained something of the character of useful objects. Their notion of free enterprise takes no account of the forces that have transformed capitalism from within: the rise of the corporation, the bureaucratisation of business, the increasing insignificance of private property, and the shift from a work ethic to a consumption ethic. Insofar as conservatives take any note of these developments at all, they attribute them solely to government interference and regulation. They deplore bureaucracy but see only its public face, missing the prevalence of bureaucracy in the private sector. They betray no acquaintance with the rich historical scholarship which shows that the expansion of the public sector came about, in part, in response to pressure from the corporations themselves.

Conservatives assume that deregulation and a return to the free market will solve everything, promoting a revival of the work ethic and a resurgence of 'traditional values'. Not only do they provide an inadequate explanation of the destruction of those values but they unwittingly side with the social forces that have contributed to their destruction, for example in their advocacy of unlimited growth. The poverty of contemporary conservatism reveals itself most fully in this championship of economic growth — the underlying premise of the consumer culture the by-products of which conservatives deplore. A vital conservatism would identify itself with the demand for limits not only on economic growth but on the conquest of space, the technological conquest of the environment, and the human ambition to acquire godlike powers over nature. A vital conservatism would see in the environmental movement the quintessential conservative cause, since environmentalism opposes reckless innovation and makes conservation the central order of business. Instead of taking environmentalism away from the left, however, conservatives condemn it as a counsel of doom. 'Free enterprisers', says Burton Pines (author of *Back to Basics*), 'insist that the economy can indeed expand and as it does so, all society's members can . . . increase their wealth.' One of the cardinal tenets of liberalism, the limitlessness of economic growth, now undergirds the so-called conservatism that presents itself as a corrective and alternative to liberalism.

The man on the make

Not only do conservatives have no understanding of modern capitalism, they have a distorted understanding of the 'traditional values' they claim to defend. The virtues they want to revive are the pioneer virtues: rugged individualism, boosterism, rapacity, a sentimental deference to women, and a willingness to resort to force. These values are 'traditional' only in the sense that they are celebrated in the traditional myth of the Wild West and embodied in the Western hero, the prototypical American lurking in the background, often in the very foreground, of conservative ideology.

In their implications and inner meaning, these individualist values are themselves profoundly anti-traditional. They are the values of the man on the make, in flight from his ancestors, from the family claim, from everything that ties him down and limits his freedom of movement. What is traditional about the rejection of tradition, continuity, and rootedness? A conservatism that sides with the forces of restless mobility is a false conservatism. So is the conservatism false that puts on a smiling face, denounces 'doomsayers', and refuses to worry about the future. Conservatism appeals to a pervasive and legitimate desire in contemporary society for order, continuity, responsibility, and discipline; but it contains nothing with which to satisfy these desires. It pays lip service to 'traditional values', but the policies with which it is associated promise more change, more innovation, more growth, more technology, more weapons, more addictive drugs.

Instead of confronting the forces in modern life that make for disorder, it proposes merely to make Americans feel good about themselves. Ostensibly rigorous and realistic, contemporary conservatism is an ideology of denial. Its slogan is the slogan of Alfred E. Neumann: 'What? Me worry?' Its symbol is a smile button: that empty round face devoid of features except for two tiny eyes, eyes too small to see anything clearly, and a big smile.

Conservatives stress the importance of religion, but their religion is the familiar American blend of flag-waving and personal morality. It centres on the trivial issues of swearing, neatness, gambling, sportsmanship, sexual hygiene, and school prayers. Adherents of the new religious right correctly reject the separation of politics and religion, but they bring no spiritual insights to politics. They campaign for political reforms designed to discourage homosexuality and pornography, say, but they have nothing to tell us about the connection between pornography and the larger consumerist structure of addiction-maintenance. Their idea of the proper relation between politics and religion is to invoke religious sanctions for specific political positions, as when they declaim that budget deficits, progressive taxation, and the presence of women in the armed forces are 'anti-biblical.'

The most offensive and dangerous form of this self-righteousness is the attempt to invoke divine sanction for the national self-aggrandisement of the United States in its global struggle against 'godless communism', as if American imperialism were any less godless than Soviet imperialism. In the words of Paul Simmons, a professor at Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, 'Identifying the Judeo-Christian posture with American nationalism is to lose the transcendent and absolute nature of the Christian faith. For Christians and Jews, loyalty to God must transcend any earthly loyalties.'

Faced with the unexpected growth of the new right, the left has asked itself how it can recover its former strength and momentum. Some call for a vigorous counterattack, a reassertion of the left-wing gospel in all its purity and messianic fervour. Others wait passively for another turn of the political cycle, another age of reform. More thoughtful people on the left have begun, however reluctantly, to acknowledge the legitimacy of some of the concerns that underlie the growth of contemporary conservatism.

But even this last response is inadequate if it issues simply in a call for the left to appropriate conservative issues and then to give them a liberal twist. The hope of a new politics does not lie in formulating a left-wing reply to the right. It lies in rejecting conventional political categories and redefining the terms of political debate. The idea of a 'left' has outlived its historical time and needs to be decently buried, along with the false conservatism that merely clothes an older liberal tradition in conservative rhetoric. The old labels have no meaning anymore. They can only confuse debate instead of clarifying it. They are products of an earlier era, the age of steam and steel, and are wholly inadequate to the age of electronics, totalitarianism, and mass culture. Let us say goodbye to these old friends, fondly but firmly, and look elsewhere for guidance and moral support.

Christopher Lasch is the author of The Culture of Narcissism *and* Haven in a Heartless World. *He is Chairman of the Department of History at the University of Rochester. This article is an edited version of a longer essay which appears in the current issue of* Tikkun.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE LEFT SWAPS THOUGHT FOR CLICHÉS

ROY HATTERSLEY is haunted by what he sees as the intellectual inadequacy of the left — as portrayed by its proponent Vladimir Derer in last week's *NS*

VLADIMIR DERER wrote that 'the spectre of the Labour left is always haunting Labour's leadership'. I certainly accept his advice not to 'inflate the importance' of the latest ad hoc organisation and I certainly agree that 'the regrouping of the left' is not a 'world shattering event'. But that is the problem. The 'possibility of a new left alliance' ought to have real political significance. Mr Derer, after all his experience in such considerations, still seems unaware of why the new alignment is of so little consequence. What haunts me about the far left is not its position on the political spectrum but its intellectual inadequacy.

For ten years, Labour's most vociferously left-wing groups have existed simply to be vociferously left-wing. If they have possessed a coherent and consistent ideological position they have not vouchsafed it to the rest of the movement. All that is now necessary to qualify as being on the far left of the party is the personal announcement of a far left location. Slogans have taken the place of policy. Clichés have become an alternative to thought.

Not surprisingly, therefore, when Mr Derer's article referred to policy at all, it described the position of the new Labour Left Liaison in almost entirely negative terms. It is clearly against the cowards who flinch and the traitors who sneer. But working out what it favours requires some effort. It is, however, possible to distill a number of items which would appear in its election manifesto. 'The strategy which would . . . create a political majority for the party' is based on 'rejecting the incipient drift towards coalition politics'. An incipient drift is a fascinating concept. Unfortunately, Labour Left Liaison does not define it. When that gap in our knowledge is filled, I have little doubt that it will amount to a complaint that the Labour leadership refuses to make promises which it is not sure that the next Labour government can keep.

One positive proposal is clear from Mr Derer's article. Labour Left Liaison is in favour of 'a significant extension of public ownership'. So am I. So, as far as I know, is the whole Parliamentary leadership. To demand such a policy is pathetically easy. The difficult task is deciding what sort of social ownership is appropriate to the last two decades of the twentieth century. The confusion of public ownership with state monopoly has held back the progress of socialism for far too long. The necessary work on the extension of co-operatives, employee share options, worker buy-outs, and municipal enterprise is being left to party members who do not waste their time proclaiming their left-wing integrity.

ACCORDING to Mr Derer Labour policy now means that 'Tory anti-trade union legislation is not to be repealed but merely modified'. If he really believes that, Mr Derer suffers from ignorance and arrogance in equal measure — as well as an inability to think of Labour as the next government.

First, the arrogance. Labour's proposals on trade union law were drawn up in partnership with the TUC. They are the trade unions' policy just as much as they are the party's. To suggest that a rally in Hampstead Town Hall knows more about what the unions want and need than the unions know themselves is to reach heights of elitism which were previously thought unattainable.

Second, the ignorance. What the Labour Party and the trade unions propose bears no resemblance to the present law. 'Tory trade union legislation' enables employers to initiate punitive action against unions which do not conform to the requirements of the new laws. That is wholly different from entrenching the right of trade union members to influence the decisions which determine their standard of living. The need to specify the rights enjoyed by individual trade unionists is accepted by a vast majority of trade unions. The idea that a denial of those rights is, in any way, related to democratic socialism is a novel notion.

In any event, 'the repeal of Tory trades union laws' requires some new provisions to fill the legislative vacuum. What does Labour Left Liaison propose? Those of us who believe that socialism is about a wider distribution of power as well as of wealth want trade union law to encourage the use of collective power for the protection and extension of individual liberties. Against what definition of socialism does Mr Derer believe the trade union legislation should be judged?

Quite rightly, Mr Derer insists that our ability to win the next general election will be influenced by the nature of the Labour Party as well as by the policies which are eventually included in our Manifesto. 'Defending and extending democracy in the Party' is listed as an essential ingredient of victory. How can anyone who really believes that condemn 'the Parliamentary Leadership' for 'pressing changes in the re-selection process'?. The changes which are so condemned involve the introduction of 'one member one vote'. That seems to most people to be an extension of democracy.

Labour Left Liaison reject it for a reason which is worth a little analysis. They fear that during the selection of a candidate or the re-selection of an MP, the average party member would be influenced not by an internal socialist conviction but by the dictates of 'the Capitalist Press'. They argue that only aware political activists can be trusted with the suffrage. That is exactly the argument which the Duke of Wellington employed against the Great Reform Bill. Its relationship to socialism is not altogether clear to me.

Mr Derer's problems stem in part from his obsession with caucuses and clichés. He does not argue a case for a specified form of party democracy but simply supports the demands of the Campaign for Labour Party Democracy. He does not describe what changes in our society are necessary to serve the interests of the black and Asian British, but simply echoes the demands of the Black Section movement. The willingness to organise any sort of coalition whatever its ideological position is another example of the intellectual inadequacy which now typifies the far left.

The retreat from ideology is most spectacularly demonstrated by what is called 'the intolerance and repression (which) have replaced the liberal attitude introduced by Wilson on becoming Prime Minister'. Mr Wilson's rehabilitation on the far left is much to be welcomed. But it deserves translation into honest English.

In truth, the complaint is that the leadership of the Militant Tendency has been expelled from the party. Those who complain about their exclusion need to answer a simple question. Do they or do they not believe that the frontiers of democratic socialism have been mapped out? Those of us who believe that socialism actually stands for something that can be defined naturally insist that it must be defended against both external aggression and internal subversion. To say 'anybody can join' is to assert that socialism stands for nothing.

Tony Benn, the star turn of all Mr Derer's road shows, talked last month about the Labour Party in between 'Hatton on the left and Hattersley on the right'. I make no personal complaint. My abiding support for collective security and the EEC have placed me forever on the right of the Labour Party whatever my views on education, economic organisation, race and equality. But Hatton on the left: the idea that Militant — authoritarian, autocratic and elitist — has anything to do with 'the left' shows how little Labour Left Liaison, and its like, thinks or cares about the ideology of socialism. □

Our New Subscriber of the Month

Roy Hattersley's Choose Freedom — the future for democratic socialism *will be published by Michael Joseph in January 1987.*

The Diary will be back next week.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

EDINBURGH 1

Sarah Ainslie

Tina Marion in *Body Count*: an immaculate performance

Traverse tales

Angus Calder

EDINBURGH'S TRAVERSE THEATRE — that awkward, indispensable venue — is as it always has been, just big enough to be adaptable, just comfortable enough to be tolerable. It began as a 'Sixties scene', the playground of a self-conscious avant garde. Jenny Killick, now director, is far too young to remember that scene. She tells me that she sensed when she arrived that the relationship between Traverse and city was 'uncreative'. She's been doing all she can to remedy that, and has bumped up audiences by a third in her first year. Staff at door and bar are now cheerful and friendly. Frequenting the place as much as I did last week, I found myself reminded of Ian McEwan's phrase 'womanly times'. Quietly, unassumingly, Killick has given the Traverse a warm, open feel, and the programme she has put together for this year's Festival combines in the mind to emphasise the absurdity of macho values, the need to replace them with affection and imagination.

In a one-hander at the Traverse, Les Smith's *Body Count*, a production from Paine's Plough, Tina Marion speaks as a Vietnamese eye-witness of the My Lai massacre. She has to avoid sentimentality while creating powerful emotion, and I think she brings it off immaculately. For me, the narrative made a crucial point, reminding us, as hyprocritical utterances spout forth about black violence in South Africa, that white troops within the last 20 years have behaved like Nazis.

From South Africa itself the Traverse has had Percy Mtwa's *Bopha!* performing to packed houses. Three men from Earth Players (Johannesburg) act with immense energy and great skill. Centred on the contradictory position of a black policeman, this play avoids crude agitprop and illuminates psychology as well as society. The Tarragon Theatre of Toronto has also provided a remarkable play. I think *Albertine in Five Times* will haunt everyone lucky enough to have caught it. One of the cast told me that the translation has lost the Quebecois humour of Michel Tremblay's original. But poetic intensity survives, and the conception is brilliant. Five women represent a widow battered by life at five stages from 30 to 70. All remain on stage throughout, together with Albertine's confidante Madeleine. Their reveries and quarrels illuminate the processes of memory, how it suppresses, how it distorts. Sweet, 'successful' Madeleine gradually comes to seem someone of less moral consequence than her tragic sister. The cast all act finely, with Joy Coghill as the embittered, pill-swallowing Albertine at 60 eventually erupting into domination.

The Traverse's own productions triumphantly survive the competition from such high-class visitors. From Peru, Killick has acquired Mario Vargas Llosa's *Kathie and the Hippopotamus*, and her company have done a subtle, often very funny, play full justice. Stephen Unwin's direction and Bunnie Christie's design are both excellent. So are Janet Amsden as a rich Lima bourgeoise and Robert Swann as the writer she hires to ghost a book about her world tour, a failed intellectual with a bad marriage. Aware of their own vacuity, they conspire to make life a dream and dreams reality, acting out for us fantasies of romantic passion and filmic melodrama, of café life in Left Bank Paris and lust in Cairo.

Killick herself directs two of three new plays from Scotland with her characteristic light touch and deft moral pointing. *Kora*, by Tom McGrath, is a documentary about a struggle actually witnessed by the author, of tenants and social workers trying to impove conditions in a Dundee housing estate. Kora herself, warmly rounded out by Michelle Butt, is a generous Welshwoman who loves having babies. Her neighbours include a memorable couple, the McLaverties, who are puppet figures wheeled on and off stage, helping to keep naturalism at bay. Though unfeeling officialdom eventually prevails, the play is charged with faith in ordinary human nature, and hope of renewal. John Clifford's *Lucy's Play* is a romp about a saint, set in Syracuse in 300 AD. Good to see Kate Duchêne back as St Lucy. God the Father makes a brief, hilarious appearance, the Mother of God a quietly touching one. My only reservation is that Clifford is pushing much the same points, against war and machismo (incarnated boisterously by Chris Barnes as Max the Mayor) as he did in *Losing Venice*, the hit of last year's Festival Fringe, and in identical manner. I'd like to see him try something completely different.

That's what Chris Hannan has done, and the result, *The Orphan's Comedy*, is momentous. His *Elizabeth Gordon Quinn* at the Traverse last year was immensely promising, a powerful historical drama but too short for all the issues it took on and yet too big in conception for the Traverse's intimate space. This new play fits exactly, though I think it would lose nothing in a larger theatre — and it really must go on to other, bigger places so that more people can enjoy it.

How does one describe its flavour? W. S. Gilbert with political bite? Ben Jonson bang up to date? Brecht with Glaswegian warmth and compassion? It is brilliantly written, in a non-naturalistic style. Characters and situations are all over the top, larger than life. This aspect suggests a debt to Dario Fo, while the futuristic-but-here-and-now plot recalls Alasdair Gray's novel *Lanark*, seminal for younger Scottish writers. But the central idea is all Hannan's own.

We are in a fertility clinic in a country where the government, committed to the Low Unit Cost Society, encourages childbirth so as to maximise the number of consumers. The place is dominated by the outrageous Salmon, MCP par excellence, compulsive gambler, yet played with such super-Falstaffian brio by Ian Ormsby Knox that one's glad to forgive him when he begins to reform at the end. As the way to repair his gambling losses, his imagination seizes on condoms, of which his

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

clinic has a secret supply. With the local crime queen he sets up a market in condom futures. The logic of capitalism, as he expounds it, means that condoms, being rare, will cease to be a commodity and become an abstract concept. Rubber can be turned into gold! Why shouldn't people wear condoms like jewellery? But his secretary and mistress (icy, incisive Katrin Cartledge), spurned, expecting his child and intent on revenge, also understands capitalism. She releases his store of condoms on to the open market. Residents of a deprived housing scheme snap them up and make fortunes reselling them. ('Who would have thought that such a complex problem as poverty could be solved by people simply having more money?') The climax comes when Salmon learns that the bottom has fallen out of contraceptive futures and kneels front stage lamenting and pouring condoms in handfuls over his head.

To represent sound values we have big Robert Garr splendid as Gross, the most sentimental man in the world, who invades the clinic armed with flowers and woos and wins the dowdy doctor, professional woman marrying unemployed man. We are all, Hannan suggests, orphans in this universe, but we can use imagination to improve our fates. Bravo for Stephen Unwin's production, and to the Traverse for bringing Hannan forward. □

EDINBURGH 2

Peacocks and ostriches

Barry Cox

EIGHTEEN MONTHS AGO, the government set up the Peacock Committee to look at alternatives to the licence fee as a way of funding the BBC. It was widely seen as a Thatcherite attempt to subject the corporation to the discipline of market forces. As the 600 delegates to the Edinburgh International Television Festival left Scotland last Monday, they could savour the irony that it is Peacock's recommendations about ITV, rather than the BBC, which look like having the more immediate and significant impact.

Edinburgh is television's great annual talkfest, a sort of industry party conference without the resolutions, organised by the party activists to call the leadership to account. Being rude to the bosses is almost a requirement for speaking at the festival. But beyond its saturnalian aspects, Edinburgh does reveal where the fast-moving TV industry is heading more effectively than any other occasion.

Last weekend a great deal of discussion was inevitably dominated by the recently-published Peacock Report. The Edinburgh delegates seemed to show rather more respect for Peacock than one might have expected from the initial chorus of contemptuous dismissal for his report. Some key groups had by then spotted that particular recommendations might well be in their interest, or could be used to lever changes in the present system.

There are various reasons why ITV is more immediately vulnerable in this respect than the BBC. The franchise reallocation process is due to start next year, and this provides a unique political opportunity for change. The ITV companies are fast becoming genuine businesses, exposed to the dynamics of real business activity and to the pressures of being quoted on the Stock Exchange. This has meant that the ITV managements, traditionally concerned most with keeping overtime levels down, are having to address more complex commercial realities. (It is even conceivable that soon they might know what individual programmes actually cost, an elementary piece of information hitherto unavailable in the Byzantine accounting procedures that have grown up in an industry that doesn't sell most of what it makes.)

At the same time the sophisticated but cumbersome system of programme exchange in ITV is under political and financial pressure. The economic map of Britain no longer matches that used by the IBA to design its franchise structure. The southern ITV companies, like their regions, are doing better than their northern colleagues; the ITV system, heavily dependent on companies like Granada, Central and Yorkshire that are located in the old industrial heartlands, finds it difficult to adjst to this. The internal tensions this has generated, allied to the Peacock-related external pressures, make change that much more likely.

Peacock's proposal that Channel 4 might become genuinely independent and sell its own airtime has attracted support within Channel 4 and from some independents. At the moment the IBA own the channel and the ITV companies sell its airtime in their own regions in return for 'subscribing' a fixed amount each year. Though much reviled by ITV chiefs a couple of years ago, this arrangement now rather suits them, since the new channel's audience — younger, and more upmarket than ITV's — complements theirs in a commercially valuable way. Surprisingly, some people at Channel 4 seem to have been seduced by their glamorous marketing achievement into believing their present freedom to commission in an innovative and liberal manner would survive when they were fighting ITV for their share of advertising revenue. This seems unlikely, but if enough Channel 4 heavies are persuaded of it, they might well convince a Conservative government — though probably not a Labour or Alliance one — that the opposition of the IBA and the ITV companies should be ignored.

The Peacock proposal most likely to succeed is the recommendation that ITV (and the BBC) should take a significant percentage of programmes from the independents. At Edinburgh, the TV bosses — Bill Cotton of the BBC and Paul Fox of Yorkshire — were pretty hostile to this idea, and the TV union spokesmen even more so. However the IBA seem sympathetic, and some ITV companies would not mind being forced to give work to independents. There are good creative reasons for this — some of the best talent is in the independent sector; and good financial reasons — the indies are often cheaper.

Of course, such a radical change would call in question the future of the large programme-making factories presently owned by the 'Big Five' ITV companies. So would another demand articulated at Edinburgh, that the regional ITV companies would get a 'fairer' share of the network output. A new alliance between the aggressive nationalism of Scottish Television under Gus Macdonald and the fat cat prosperity of Greg Dyke's Television South gave this argument a rhetorical energy that almost concealed its underlying inconsistencies.

Neither the fashionable independents nor the resurgent regionals like to acknowledge the brutal implications of their demands — TV people tend to be fastidious about putting their colleagues out of work — but this is unlikely to halt the momentum for change they have created.

Unfortunately, the most probable consequence is a re-ordering of the existing system by the IBA which would attempt to give a bit more to the new claimants while keeping the weakened Big Five in place: the worst of all possible worlds. The IBA is unlikely to accept the arguments made by people like David Graham (the independent whose company made *Diverse Reports* for Channel 4): that not only is there no need to link the commissioning of programmes with the making of them, but it is actually highly desirable to separate them, as happens at Channel 4.

Such a reform would deprive all the ITV programme makers of their automatic access to the airwaves. This simple but profound change would eliminate many of the present problems. The present ITV companies would have to compete with each other and the independents to sell their ideas to the new ITV franchise-holders. (Existing ITV companies would have to separate their programme-making functions from their franchise-holding ones if they wanted to bid for the new franchises.) This is not as unthinkable as it might sound. After all, the managing directors of Thames and Yorkshire assured prospective investors when preparing to float their companies on the Stock Exchange that if they lost their present franchises they would remain major programme suppliers. Any change of the kinds now mooted will be fraught, but this reform is more likely than most to produce a beneficial outcome.

As for the BBC, they are in danger of relaxing now that the threat of being forced to take advertising seems to have passed. At Edinburgh, their executives swatted away the demands for independent access and greater regional involvement more confidently than their ITV equivalents did: the advantage of belonging to a monolith rather than an anarchic federation. However, in private some of their more forward-looking managers were arguing that the BBC should move to a subscription system (one of Peacock's alternatives to the licence fee) sooner rather than later, while their resources still enabled them to place a wide range of quality

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

programmes before the public, and while they could reasonably expect a substantial take-up for the subscription. The innate conservatism of both ITV and BBC will probably ensure that changes which, undertaken in good time and in a rational manner, would invigorate the system will instead be avoided until they are imposed destructively.

Barry Cox is Controller of Features and Current Affairs at London Weekend Television.

CINEMA

Shoot the pianist

Adam Mars-Jones

Under The Cherry Moon (15)
Warner West End, Cannon Oxford Street, Cannon Haymarket
Eliminators (not yet certificated)
ICA from 1 September

IF YOU'RE GOING to see a bad film — and that is your fate if you patronise either of the products under review this week — you should choose a film that is brashly, flagrantly bad and not one that is feebly, nervelessly bad.

The pale production of the week is Prince's **Under The Cherry Moon**. The film is shot in black-and-white, in a way that is meant to recall classic movies of the Forties. The resemblance is not close. Films of the Forties were worth seeing, when they were, for strong dialogue, characterisations and plots. People didn't say, 'Let's see the new Bogart. I'm told the interiors have real style.'

Recent television advertisements for car tyres and lagers have had more plot than *Under The Cherry Moon*. Poor boy and rich girl fall in love on the French Riviera; her father disapproves and — since he is Steven Berkoff — has the boy shot. That's it.

Prince, of course, plays the romantic lead, Christopher. There's nothing too ominous about that: in cinema, as not in life, beauty is a function of attention. That is, you can make anyone seem attractive as long as they are not actually upstaged by a more conventional glamour-object, and as long as you don't force it (the last seven words perhaps in italics). *Paris, Texas*, for instance, simply eroded the viewer into finding Harry Dean Stanton loveable.

So it's not the worst news in the world that Prince, whom the film sets out to make attractive, looks more like a skinny Liberace than an imminent Elvis. It is admittedly bad news that he combines Liberace's dress sense and — in this film, though not on some of his records — Elvis's sense of humour; but even that need not be disastrous. What dishes the film is the slackness of its narcissism, the half-heartedness of its camp. Narcissism is a major psychic effort, camp calls for real brain work; but not in this film.

Liberace, when fans grab his hand, tends to point to the chunky jewellery which is pulling him slightly off balance, and says, 'You like it? You should. You paid for it'. With that line, Liberace shows a far greater awareness of the ironies involved in a group of people paying

'I don you the awesome dayglo velvet': more of the clown Prince's new clothes in *Under the Cherry Moon*

RECORDS

Gluck: Iphigénie en Tauride
GARDINER *Philips* 416 148-2 (two CDs)
For anyone who has always relegated Gluck's opera with the exception of *Orfeo ed Euridice* to the category of historical interest only, John Eliot Gardiner's account of this *tragédie lyrique* will come as a revelation. It is based on a production at the Lyons Opera last year, and the stage experience of the cast is a crucial element in its success, for every bar exudes theatrical intensity and dramatic purpose. Surprisingly for this conductor there is no attempt at absolute historical accuracy: the orchestra is a modern one and the singers have big, conventionally operatic voices. Yet the precision of the playing, and the keenness with which every character attacks the recitative keeps the opera moving with a flexibility and immediacy that is compelling. In the title role Diano Montague is totally credible; she may not be a dramatic soprano in the Callas mould but she brings emotional pressure of an affecting kind to bear on her crucial arias. Thomas Allen's Oreste, though, steals the show, tingling with excitement and delivering the French text with absolute precision. Undoubtedly one of the year's outstanding opera sets.

Mozart: Le nozze di Figaro
MARRINER *Philips* 416 370-2 (three CDs)
From the sublime to the faintly ridiculous. If ever there was a demonstration that recording opera involves something more than assembling a list of big names in a studio the new *Figaro* provides it. On paper much of the casting must have looked quite appetising: Ruggero Raimondi as the Count, Lucia Popp the Countess, Barbara Hendricks as Susanna, José van Dam Figaro, and so on. But the result is desperately dull, without a spark of wit or vitality. Neville Marriner's conducting, passable in the overture, seems totally lacking in originality or commitment when the action starts. He cannot galvanise his singers in any convincing way, so what successes there are come from the artists' own stage experience: Agnes Balta's Cherubino, perhaps a little too feminine, has so much personality that she shines out in this context, while Raimondi's dark, glowering Count would be a useful portrait in more intelligent circumstances. Felicity Palmer's Marcellina is finely drawn, but who buys *Figaro* because of the Marcellina? Van Dam is a fine singer, but lacking any kind of direction is forced into caricature to make something of his contribution. Altogether it is a pretty hapless affair.

Beethoven: Piano Concerto No.5
ARRAU *Philips* 416 215-2
In what must be the closing years of his career Claudio Arrau seems to be recording again a number of his most famous interpretations. This *Emperor Concerto* is instantly recognisable as Arrau's Beethoven: drawn in broad, carefully considered paragraphs, the tempi measured, the phrasing deliberately shaped. The technical address is by no means faultless nowadays, though still impressive, and his ability to extract the expressive essence from every inflection is quite unimpaired. Colin Davis has always been a highly sympathetic Beethoven conductor, and with the Dresden Staatskapelle here he is perfectly attuned to his pianist, presenting a grand, slightly aloof view of the work to which Arrau's playing finds a precise analogue. For all his intellectual weight Arrau here seems unusually flexible; there are fewer deliberate emphases than in other recent recordings, a lack of self-conscious point-making. It is still a performance of aristocratic bearing, but now it seems relaxed, and almost smiling.

Beethoven: Piano Concertos 1 & 2
ARGERICH *Deutsche Grammophon* 415 682-2
Martha Argerich's quick-witted, impulsive Beethoven is worlds away from Arrau's philosophising, yet in its own ways equally rewarding. Her partnership with Giuseppe Sinopoli and the Philharmonia for what is presumably going to be a cycle of the Beethoven concertos did not initially inspire much enthusiasm, but Sinopoli proves to be a sensibly neutral accompanist to Argerich, allowing her to lead by example, so the orchestral details are never allowed to obtrude. In both concertos Argerich produces perfectly weighted accounts, tingling with nervous energy that reveals itself in the preciseness of her articulation, with every rhythmic detail sharply outlined. In the slow movements she does not attempt to reveal emotional depths that other pianists might like to infer in them, but is content to draw lyrical portraits with her supple, totally natural range of tone colour. Argerich is not an obvious Beethoven player, but she is so prodigiously talented that whatever she does carries a genuine sense of revelation.

Andrew Clements

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

one person to preen at their expense, than Prince has shown for some time. Prince in a similar situation would merely murmur (and I quote), 'I know that I'm very powerful sexually, but I'm also very romantic . . .'

The film accepts Prince very much at his own valuation. He is first seen improvising noodlingly at the piano of a fashionable Riviera nightspot — though how he can be both penniless and fashionably employed is a mystery. (Poverty in the film is equated with freedom, wealth with confinement. Offscreen, Prince chooses bondage every time.) He is wearing a toque that Queen Mary would have advised him against, and that Stevie Smith might have described as a tremendous bargain and a great mistake. Within seconds a glamorous divorcee (Francesca Annis) is cruising him fiercely, fully aware — apparently — that she must expect to pay hard cash for such a hot property.

From then on the film goes drearily downhill, the rot stopped only by some pleasant song-snippets. Prince puts on and takes off a series of costumes for which Queen Mary and Stevie Smith would have had no words, right up to the closing credits, which include the message LOVE GOD. MAY YOU LIVE TO SEE THE DAWN. This, as any child can see, is an anagram of Prince's true message to humanity: I DON YOU THE AWESOME DAYGLO VELVET.

If you're going to cannibalise other films, you should at least have a greater appetite. **Eliminators**, for instance, has gorged itself with B-movies, and whenever its narrative starts faltering, bites into another. It starts off in *Terminator* territory, with a half-man, half-robot — whose accessories include an attractive caterpillar-tracked beach buggy that gives him centaur overtones — fabricated by a mad inventor in Mexico. Then it goes all *Romancing The Stone*, when a woman scientist teams up with a down-at-heel adventurer to track down aforementioned mad inventor with aforementioned half-man, half-robot. *Star Wars* gets a look in, since she brings along a cute android with a vocabulary of electronic squawks and burbles.

Mexico is full of neanderthals, and suddenly it's *One Million Years BC. Enter The Dragon*, as a martial-arts expert turns up, looking for his father, last heard of as the mad inventor's right-hand man.

Eliminators' trump card, in an otherwise empty hand, is pace. This sort of film can only work if one thing follows another with the necessary smartness. All *Eliminators* has going for it is a sort of shamelessness, but that is almost enough.

This isn't the sort of film you would expect to see at the ICA, and the management has taken care to provide a whole range of high-sounding excuses for it in the advertising material. So when the lights go up and you find yourself sitting next to someone almost as pretentious as yourself, you can dispense with blurting out 'What are *you* doing here?' and say instead:

'A low-budget high-concept style movie, wouldn't you say?'
'Sometimes it's like narrative scratch video.'
'More arf than barf, anyway. I'm thankful for that.' □

A world of difference

Nassem Khan

IT IS NEARLY ten years since a group of artists, all of Indian origin, went to a London gallery to ask for a show. They were told, they later said furiously, that their work looked 'too Western'. If it had conformed to the stereotype of Indian imagery — rich colour, sensuous line and a mango or two — all could have been well. The gallery in question, it must be said, denies it ever said this. But nevertheless the general climate of incomprehension was the case. It is also a useful story to bear in mind when considering two long-overdue current exhibitions.

One is at the Whitechapel Art Gallery. It's called *From Two Worlds*, includes 15 artists (six of them women) and a video collective. It is on till 7 September. The other, *Caribbean Expressions in Britain*, has been put together by Leicester Museum, features 15 artists (only three women) and will travel on, after it closes on 28 September, to Northampton and Bradford.

It is a mark of some progress that none of them peddles the kind of stereotype allegedly once demanded. But at the same time, the categories beg questions. Is Caribbean origin really such a significant unifying factor when, as in this show, the greater majority of exhibitors grew up or were born in Britain? Isn't that another way of distancing their work? Similarly, is the fact of having a dual culture enough? The danger of group shows like this is that artists are being yet again typecast, hung with expectations, and boxed in a corner rather than being allowed out to roam in the mainstream.

Given the dangers, however, these shows are still worth it. Firstly both demonstrate the sheer range and volume of available black work (and even these exhibitions are not definitive). Despite the size of the exhibitions, there is only a minimal overlap of painters (Denzil Forrester, Sonia Boyce and Veronica Ryan) and minimal overlap of theme. The Whitechapel's show (chosen by Gavin Jantjes and Nick Serota) at first gives the impression of greater clarity and point.

The Whitechapel selectors employed one specific criterion — that exhibitors should demonstrate a synthesis (or at least a dialogue) between Western influences and non-European perspectives. So there's a long wall of Rasheed Araeen's photo-texts, for instance, with sacrificial goats, penises erect, juxtaposed with a gagged picture of the artist, surrounded by delicate wickerwork and overlaid with Urdu calligraphy. Keith Piper's majestic installation upstairs has a series of golden-eyed African heads topping streams of banners on which episodes of black resistance have been recorded. Alongside them a continuous tape of Martin Luther King and others issues from a set of stylised freestanding heads.

Heuria Niati savagely parodies Delacroix's 'Women of Algiers' in her bound and faceless women. Sokari Douglas Camp's large canoe is commanded by a menacing yet ramshackle figure who springs to mechanical, juddering life at predetermined times, in conjunction with the sharp-bladed oars. The show contains, on the whole, exploratory abstract work (except for Tam Josephs' striking oils, full of satirical punch and vigour). The works share a political edge that the Leicester show lacks. This is both asset and disadvantage.

Nor is it necessarily a criticism of Leicester, whose intentions were different. This is a historical review — not a full one, for the early works are thinnish on the ground, but it includes major figures like Ronald Moody (serene and stately wood carvings). Errol Lloyd's useful Introduction to the catalogue puts modern developments into context (and incidentally takes tacit issue with the trendier assumption that black art has only recently burgeoned, thanks to the GLC).

The voices at Leicester are less abstract in their orientation. They have Denzil Forrester's earlier oils here — sharp, wonderfully vivid blues clubs, dominoes (overwatched by two solid boys in blue) and the funeral (sanctified by shadowy African insignia) of Winston Rose who died in police custody. (The Whitechapel, incidentally, has his later, luminous, more buoyant oils.) They have Colin Nichol's crisp pieces of photorealism, Anthony Jagunnath's animals (looking as if they've stepped out of a sophisticated child's storybook), Frank Bowlings' dribbled-on splashes of jewel-coloured acrylics.

Some of the work is restrained, like Caesar's pointilliste pieces; some is sharply scathing, like Sonia Boyce's work; some, like Bill Ming's wood sculptures, has an exuberant wit. Inevitably (as with the Whitechapel) there are too few examples of each artist. There are omissions (for instance, Eddie Chambers, Chaila Burman). But taken overall, it provides an impressive base. It also serves to demonstrate the ultimate failure of stereotypes. Little that could be called 'Caribbean' emerged. Instead the major push was in showing, as Caesar put it, 'how we have come to terms with ourselves and our position in society.' It is a broad, generalised statement that covers a multitude of approaches — humour, wit affection and anger — as true in the Whitechapel as at Leicester. Both shows should be seen. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TELEVISION

Street of shame

Diana Eden

THE PROSPECT of writing a television column certainly gives one's conscience pause for thought. Should I lay claim to discerning viewing habits that I never had and tune into programmes which, normally, I would pay good money not to watch? Sod that. Brace yourselves for three weeks in-off-the-street-credibility.

Street credibility is precisely what is lacking in the abundance around the environs of *The Rovers Return*. I have watched **Coronation Street** (ITV) for 20 years and never so avidly as now, since one of my ex-husbands is giving a nicely judged performance as its Romantic Interest. I am not, however, the first to lament the Street's gradual downhill slide from the innovatory Sixties soap it once was, nodding vigorously in the direction of New Realism, to its present role as purveyor of nothing-much-at-all, mirroring in Granada's looking-glass an absurdly time-locked life.

The fault lies *not* in the stars, nor in the dialogue, but in the plots. The words continue to be sparky and corrosive. Bet Lynch, sporting her new publican's coiffure, is still the source of one-liners that are on a par with Valerie Harper's *Rhoda*. But two decades have rendered the Street's storylines to a consistency so wet, one wonders how the recent fire managed to take a hold and gut the snug. Thus we have a cast of feisty characters living in an isolation-zone, immune from trifling urban blights like drugs, despair and racism (the latter evil kept at bay, virtually, by apartheid. Have you noticed how few black Britons there are in Aryan Salford?). Instead, we are drip-fed drama via an infidelity or two and, of course, the Undertaker's Knock should an actor bravely defect, genuinely snuff it or, arguably worse, become the victim of unappetising publicity in the tabloids.

My aperitif, or antidote, to *Coronation Street* is the half-hour I spend with **Wogan** (BBC1). Palpable success and glamour are what *Wogan* is about. The lad himself might bear a mild resemblance to your horse-dealer uncle in County Kerry, but we note the quality of his suit, the permanent tan peculiar to a Personality, and we've all heard hints about his canny Other Business Interests. Astute old Tel sussed long ago that the most effective unilateral media-armament is self-depreciation. Flirting promiscuously between ego and humility, our host's smile is a symphoney in the mock apologetic. If he *is* a joke, then he makes sure we realise that he was the first to see it. And no matter how eminent the bum that settles in the guest chair, however elegant the hand that stretches, pilgrim-like, to touch the sacred shrine of Terry's knee, the show is always Wogan's. For he is blessed with a deceptively simple-seeming gift — like Frank Bough and Perry Como, he gives the impression that he wouldn't care a fuck if the studio roof fell in. You may well wish that it would but, genuine or false, such confidence is a neat trick. And so, instead of groaning, we who are about to sigh should salute him.

The alert viewer, armed with stopwatch, can sacrifice the last few minutes of *Coronation Street* and share my addiction to **Comment**, Channel 4's bash at egalitarianism which gives five minutes airtime to individuals with transmittable hobby-horses. And the alert viewer is repaid. This week I learnt something about Indigenous Languages and Subversive Old Age; next week I may well be exhorted to take up scuba diving or to feel pity for Mrs Thatcher. Again, subjectivity prompts this choice. Two years ago the nation was favoured with a glimpse of myself entreating unions to try a little tenderness by rallying the sagging spirits of the unemployed. Only a crazed commitment to Truth and Justice impels me to reveal, at this point, that I am breathtakingly beautiful. This shy admission has some relevance because a) I'm looking for a third husband and b) shortly after my *Comment* went out a lardy toff not entirely unconnected with the hierarchy at C4 claimed to have seen the programme. When challenged to recall my drift, he smiled benignly, 'My dear girl, you don't honestly expect me to remember what attractive women *say* . . .?' Sisters, the third husband I'm looking for ain't him.

Time, just, to deliver a eulogy about another from across the water. Brisk, authoritative and bright, BBC2's **Newsnight**'s Olivia O'Leary is a wonder. As an interviewer her sharp fluency is such that, faced with it, some actually decide to do the decent (and rarest) thing on television, which is to cut the crap and give a clear answer. My passion for O'Leary is such that I find her difficult to fault, but not impossible. The other week the beady pasting that she gave to Gerry Adams made me wonder whether she was smoke-screening the fact that she moonlights as an IRA gun-runner or whether it's just that she too is unable to supress the establishment leanings that are apparently *de rigueur* for every hard-news anchor-person. But formidable she remains. I read somewhere that she is quitting and returning home to Ireland. The corporation must immediately start paying her twice what they pay Wogan and move Television Centre to within one mile of her house. Her departure would be a tragedy for **Newsnight** and cause untold personal trauma inside my sitting-room. □

BILLBOARD

Theatre

BLOOMSBURY THEATRE 01-387 9629. Until 30 August at 8pm **THE BRASS BAND** in **BENT BRASS**. 1-27 September 8pm (2 September at 7pm) Mon-Sat **HULL TRUCK THEATRE** in **CRAMP**.

NATIONAL THEATRE 01-928 2252 Olivier (open stage) **YONADAB, JACOBOWSKY AND THE COLONEL**. Lyttelton (proscenium stage) **THE PETITION, BRIGHTON BEACH MEMOIRS**. Cottesloe (small auditorium) **THE AMERICAN CLOCK, THE BAY AT NICE/WRECKED EGGS**. See daily press for dates and times or ring recorded information 01-928 2256.

For cost effective, entertainments advertising, Billboard is the answer. Laura Berryman on 01-253 2001 has the details.

ROSA
LUXEMBURG
A Film by MARGARETHE VON TROTTA starring
BARBARA SUKOWA
WINNER BEST ACTRESS Cannes Festival 1986
with DANIEL OLBRYCHSKI
PG
"A towering performance"
Philip French, THE OBSERVER.
"Rosa Luxemburg remains one of the political giants of the century, at once the most intellectually brilliant and the most humane."
David Robinson, THE TIMES
STARTS FRI 29 AUG.
FILM DAILY AT
1.00 3.30 6.00 8.30
Lumière
379 3014
836 0691
ST MARTINS LANE COVENT GARDEN LEICESTER SQUARE TUBE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Urbane guerrilla

Liz Heron

Faith in Fakes
UMBERTO ECO *Secker* £15

TIME IS GOING FASTER. The constant 'past-ising' process that Eco noted as a pervasive feature of American civilisation in 1975 — when the Nostalgia sections in the big record stores held racks devoted to the Seventies as well as the Sixties — has accelerated and is no longer the strictly transatlantic phenomenon he then perceived.

Much of the opening essay in *Faith in Fakes* is taken up with remarking the symbolic transformations present in America's pursuit and capture of the Old World's cultural heritage — in the Hearst Castle, the Getty Museum and the Museum of the City of New York, as well as the numerous kitsch exhibition palaces that house elaborate artistic and architectural simulations. This cultural appropriation could be construed as an artificial *lengthening* of the past. These days the instant manufacture of nostalgia stems as much from a paradoxically opposing impulse: to yank back what we can of yesterday's continuities with today, to cohere them into a longer present, before they enter the snapping jaws of history.

In 'The Multiplicity of the Media' a piece dated eight years later, Eco describes the public effects of technological change that have led us to this condition of evanescent realities, in which new densities of everyday knowledge crowd out old. This instructive and important essay is itself offered as a major revision of the one that precedes it in the book, 'Towards a Semiological Guerrilla Warfare', his 1967 proposal that strategies of opposition to the dominant messages of the mass media should emphasise the plurality of interpretations available to those on the receiving end, and the possibilities for critical decoding. Better and more democratic that the audience be schooled in waging its own daily wars on received meanings than merely to fight for a new regime of Truth from above.

It still holds that we are more than blankly passive consumers of whatever the TV screen beams into our living-rooms. But this is an immeasurably relativised degree of power within Eco's later formulation of an empire of signs that stretches its cross-referenced web of meanings all around us — through television, fashion, show-biz gossip, advertising, brand names and mass paperbacks. Think of *Dallas* and *Dynasty*, Coca-Cola and *Coronation Street*, as well as the burgeoning technologies that quicken the pace of information and its absorption into daily life, whether in comic strips, computer science or Hollywood films. Eco's first image of the desolate obsolescence spawned by this postmodernity is Kubrick's once innovative *2001*, which now appears nothing more than a shoddy imitation of its successors in the *Star Wars* league.

This collection provides its own incidental commentary on the way cultural realities rapidly spin out of the orbit of our perceptual grasp. There is no slowly ripening set of arguments, but a busy ferment of ideas that are often mutually contradictory. This is, after all, anthologised journalism, with a few longer articles from monthly reviews thrown in. Its inconsistencies, which Eco readily acknowledges, can be allowed as those of the guerrilla intellectual, constantly on the run, a role he defends against the anticipated criticism of an American academic audience.

Eco's ability to bring to the profound erudition of the medievalist and semiotician a freewheeling spontaneity that makes connective sparks fly between academic concerns and those of the immediate social landscape is argument enough for this role's validity. That he can write with equal agility on such topics as the World Cup, St Thomas Aquinas, and how the wearing of tight blue jeans constricts the interior life as well as the body (while those given to a cerebral existence function better in loose garments), in a style that is both serious and diverting, is an achievement unparalleled in British journalism.

In Italy, though, where fewer people read books (because of the relatively late spread of literacy and the historical dominance of dialects over a nationally unifying language), you are more likely to find literary and cultural debate of some substance, and at some length, in daily or weekly columns. Sciascia, Calvino and Pasolini have been no strangers to these ephemeral regions either.

The constraints of the medium do not wholly explain the incongruities in Eco's own messages. The contradictions are not always temporal, theories brusquely revised with the passing of years. There's a tendency to over-generalise, and to nurture analogies and parallels at the expense of what these do not share. His rich knowledge of the medieval period is exercised time and again through projections on to our own age of uncertainties, something he also did in *The Name of the Rose*, where the proliferating heresies and millenarianism of the fourteenth century found apocalyptic echoes in the violent political dissent that brought the Seventies to their drastically repressive close in Italy.

While in many ways these are wonderfully lucid examples of how the past does help us make sense of the present, they lose their fluidity when Eco moves them into the realm of eternal recurrence, history as repeated patterns with inescapable outcomes, instead of the dialectic of change which so much else of his writing suggests. And this static version of history leads him in one instance into explaing away both the Red Brigades and the Montoneros through the existence of violence as a biologically coded force that will out in the event of a protracted national peace. Yet he has also argued that football, war and California death cults alike contain the anger and violence that might otherwise find political targets.

But Eco is, above all, a professional doubter, quizzical, ironic, a writer who sees all systems, political and philosophical, as impermanent, and who embodies both the revolutionary optimism and the apocalyptic pessimism of this attitude's double potential. It is this, and the need for special rigour, that braces his disputations with those giants of cultural theory, Barthes and Foucault, in an excellent synthesising essay on the elusive and ubiquitous nature of power in late 20th-century society. It is this that also mediates his stance of sardonic detachment where the reader might wish for more passionate political engagement. Read him not only for

David Smith

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the delicious pleasures of interpretation to be found in his classic account of *Casablanca*'s undying cult status as 'not *one* movie' but a synopsis of *movies*, or his elegant classification of 'ten little middle ages'. Above all, Eco deserves to be read for the same reason he himself accords homage to Aquinas — as a man who reminds us 'to think new things'. □

FIRST NOVELS

Small worlds

Sara Maitland

Monkeys
SUSAN MINOT *Heinemann* £10.50
Joining the Grown-Ups
CHRISTINE PARK *Heinemann* £9.95
Three Ply Yarn
CAEIA MARCH *Women's Press* £3.95
Mating Birds
LEWIS NKOSI *Constable* £8.95
Hard Luck
JAMES MAW *Quartet* £8.95

PERHAPS I AM getting old; surely when I started reviewing, 'first novels' meant a wrestling match with cosmic themes, images and politics — too often loosely written and formally over-ambitious? Judging from the dozen I have just finished reading, times have changed. First novels now are elegantly crafted, dedicatedly edited, finely written things — unfortunately they are not about *anything*.

Take Susan Minot's **Monkeys**, for example: through a series of vignettes, the novel tells of the growing-up of a large, rich middle-class American family in the Sixties and Seventies: the children start boisterous and charming and end up boisterous and less charming; their distant father takes to drink, they to sex and drugs and their vivacious loving mother gets killed in an accident. Each of the nine incidents in the novel is wonderfully wrought, with vivid observation and lucid prose — each would make a lovely short story actually — but they don't add up to a novel of substance. Partly, I think because seven children is too many for this sort of thing; there's not enough space to distinguish or develop them, and indeed the author is obliged to list them in order of age at the front, with their nicknames, so you can remember who's who and this makes it difficult to care much what happens to them. But more because Minot's precision-honed social realism actually traps her novel too tightly in place, and it is not a very interesting place for this British reader at least. So what? I want to say.

I have a similar reaction to Christine Park's **Joining the Grown-Ups**, although the social scene of her novel is both more familiar and more intrinsically interesting to me: Josie the adolescent heroine comes to London in search of her mother who left her husband and children years ago to live with her lesbian lover. Can the daughter find the connection she craves, can the mother dare let her, can the past explain the present, is sex worth it? Worthy questions all and worthily related: the multiplicity of narrative voices allowing for subjectivity without getting swallowed up in it. Park is good at the revealing detail and particularly at catching the physical realities of different lifestyles in food, clothes, decor, mannerisms. But in fact the sexual infidelities of the upper middle classes have been described in thousands of novels since *Anna Karenina* and just making one of them a lesbian — and a stereotyped and unsympathetic lesbian at that — does not change much: it is a world too small and a game too old.

Something which cannot be said of Caeia March's fictional world in **Three Ply Yarn**, which attempts to open up a terrain too little explored in novels — the lives and meanings of working-class lesbians. Marsh is doing here what I feel that novels ought to do, using the particularity of fiction to examine, expose, unfurl something general. Her endeavour entails a wrestling with form as well as content and she has found a structure which reflects very well the interdependencies of very different women within the women's movement. Her three voices twine together craftily in terms of both convincing psychology and as a way of presenting her political convictions. At times her confidence makes her self-righteous and too determined to put in *everything* that the virtuous feminist ought to have in a book: while her politics too often simplify the fiction towards the tightly knotted plot and the happy-ever-after ending. But this was a real novel.

Mating Birds by Lewis Nkosi is also a real novel; and like March's, it is also an attempt to tell the reader what she ought to know already — although who that reader might be is rather more ambiguous. I found it a troubling and difficult novel — as I suspect Nkosi intended, though perhaps not in the way that he intended. The difficulty here is not a formal one: *Mating Birds* is a classic first-person account with a narrator assessing his life at its climax and end, written in moving, lucid prose with controlled flashbacks and a firmly located present. The problem is one of content. Nkosi's narrator is a South African awaiting execution at dawn for the rape of a white woman; the hero — coming from a rural childhood destroyed by apartheid land policy, a promising academic youth ruined by the racism of the university system and his own political involvement — faces up to his own sexual obsession with the woman, and indeed with white women more generally. He further acknowledges his sudden and impersonal sexual assault of her: his 'defence' is that she 'asked for it', that she was already promiscuous, cavorting naked at pornographic parties, that she blatantly 'led him on', 'wanted him to really'. And so forth: the classic defences of all rapists of all races under all regimes.

Nkosi is superficially ambiguous about his character's degree of guilt but the first person denies the woman her reality and experience, she remains pure fantasy object: the narrator says she lied. And this is an overtly political book: at the very end the political prisoners in the gaol are singing freedom songs in the dawn as he goes out to die. Surely there must be another way for Nkosi's commitment, passion and beautiful writing to describe the violence and injustice of how things are rather than this stock image of the pale evil seductress, the eternally corrupting female? The polarisation of the choice between sexism and racism cannot be part of Nkosi's political or literary intention.

And now for something entirely different — pure pleasure; **Hard Luck** by James Maw is the extremely funny and touching, sentimental history of twin boys growing up on a new town council estate called Prospect in post-war Britain; class, poverty, domestic violence, well-meaning idiocy and welfare bureaucracy are accurately flayed through the

We had gone to the airport to get her

Anthony Wilson

And sat chewing microwaved beef in the
restaurant.
We were discussing the possibilities
of me getting a job: 'Well, what do *you*
think?'
Underneath I saw a policeman pass
with a gun in his hand. 'I think you're right,
that something is better than nothing —
but I won't do *anything*.' He had taken
the day off especially to meet her
and I had driven, to get more practice.
Later I heard them kissing in the hall:
'Thank-you for loving me.'
'Thank-you for coming back to me.'
She pulled presents from her suitcase,
liqueurs, handkerchiefs and a book
of black and white photographs for my
brother.
And for me some writing paper, the kind I
very much liked using.

Benefits

Anthony Wilson

The paper and the warmth make it painless.
The girl fills in my form
and asks me if I live in one of the 'big'
houses.
She tells me her father is a builder.
She hands me a small green card
which entitles me to concessionary rates
should I decide to go out for the evening.
Should I feel the need for a theatre.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

experiences of the endearing and astonishingly well sustained voice of one of their child victims. Occasional lapses into mawkishness are perhaps inevitable but are rendered tolerable by the elements of Dickensian satire and genuine affection. Take it on holiday and be grateful for mercies given.

FANTASY

Elf sufficiency

Colin Greenland

THESE DAYS, fantastic fiction seems to be infested with talking dragons, singing elves and dwarves (gruff but staunch). A-clatter with equipment, bright swords and dark amulets, they organise quests, pure and purposeful as Boy Scout expeditions. Onward, ever onward they quest, and no wonder. Terrible is their exile. These refugees from Celtic and Teutonic folklore now preoccupy young women and young men in Wisconsin and Missouri and California, all keen to entertain us with the things they like to pretend.

Such displaced myths, like archaeological replicas, are being re-exported to us here in old Mother Europe not for whatever vestigial symbolic values they may retain; nor even as ornaments, grotesque curios. They are offered as masks, ritual objects, images we might wish to represent us, the faces of imaginary characters we might prefer to be. From Wisconsin, Margaret Weis and Tracy Hickman 'bring Dragonlance, the unique fantasy trilogy of hope and fear, good and evil, beauty and barbarity.' From the first volume, **Dragons of Autumn Twilight** (Penguin, £2.95), it's hard to see where uniqueness comes into it. A wizard, a dwarf, a giant, a half-elf, a knight, a pair of star-crossed noble savages and a 'kender' (*scilicet* pixie) quest for the fabled Dragonlance. They are 'glad this adventure had come along.' They encounter marvels: 'Goblins, boats, lizard men, invisible stags — what next?' They brandish artifacts and enact skirmishes, after which they say, shaking their heads, 'This damage is permanent'; but it never is. Weis and Hickman are prompt and generous with the resurrections, like a band of mummers, or children playing cowboys and indians.

The ritual pleasurably transposes conflicts, characteristically adolescent ones, to a plane where there is no confusion between good and evil, individual yearnings and actions are justified, and no one ever gets hurt really. It was J. R. R. Tolkien who defined the purpose of fantastic literature as 'consolation'. For him it was a spiritual compulsion, achieved by labour. **The Shaping of Middle-Earth** (Allen & Unwin, £14.95), the fourth volume of his collected fragments, shows in meticulous detail the middle-aged philologist striving to construct singlehanded a cosmic history to make up for the awfulness of the world beyond Oxford. It is an awesome, terrifying, but ultimately pathetic document.

These days, consolation comes a little more easily. Instead of a mythology for Britain, Tolkien's legacy turns out to be a subculture of fancy dress and make-believe, supplied by interchangeable and indefatigable writers who don't know the difference between *thou* and *thee*. Hans Bemmann, another middle-aged academic, is more literate and presumably more familiar with his source material than the young Americans, but has secured his commercial success by emulating their voluminous blandness. **The Stone and the Flute** (Viking, £10.95) contains 855 pages of magical adventures and tales-within-tales, all padded and bolstered and smoothed so that nothing too bony or gnomic or challenging will disturb the soporific monotone.

This stuff of wizards and trolls, archly spoofed by Terry Pratchett in **The Light Fantastic** (Colin Smythe, £8.95 & Corgi, £1.95), comprises the safe middle market of fantasy publishing. Its timid homogeneity, the literalism with which it mummifies the metaphors, and the industrial quantities in which it is produced and consumed all tend to perpetuate the suspicion that fantasy fiction isn't *real* fiction, just *pretend* fiction. Surely a genre circumscribed only by the limits of the imaginary shouldn't be so repetitive, so conformist, so cosy?

The fact is that genre fiction *is* industrial fiction, designed for mass appeal, not tailored to the quirks of the individual imagination. The anxieties of morality and identity, of satisfactory action and interaction, are mass anxieties. The magical quest novel pacifies them, just as women's romances and men's pornography cater to longings for a world where love and sex are the answer, not the problem. In any genre, industrial and aesthetic interests rarely focus on the same spot. Making fiction where they can overlap or even coincide is the job of the serious popular writer. Fortunately, a thriving middle market, not yet wholly dominated by huge corporations, provides the conditions for a number of original and unconventional writers to sneak out of the margins, often to find a readily receptive audience among the very readers the industry systematically underestimates.

Geoff Ryman is a young Canadian living in Britain whose output to date consists of one short novel and a couple of novellas. Not a trilogy in sight; yet he has already won a World Fantasy Award and is being eagerly watched on both sides of the Atlantic. **The Unconquered Country** (Allen & Unwin, £8.95 & £2.95) will increase his reputation. Set in a heartbreaking, hallucinatory Cambodia where the houses and the machines are alive, and which is ravaged by the flying, fire-breathing Sharks of the Neighbours, Ryman's novella contains no elves and no magic swords. Its dispossessions and its deaths are real, as is the clarity of both its humanity and its prose.

Alison Spedding's **The Road and the Hills** (Allen & Unwin, £10.95) is her first novel. By rights it should make a name for her among readers of historical adventure as well as readers of fantasy. It is conventional only in size (431 pages with Book Two to come); otherwise it is as bold and subversive as it is sweeping and romantic. The central character is a woman who enlists, disguised as a man, in the army of a conquering emperor: Alexander, in another world. Her purpose and her past are altogether obscure until page 396, by which time she has risen to become lord of artillery, governor of a province, and the emperor's lover. Interweaving the politics of sex and power into a canvas of ancient history, Spedding's fantasy is vivid and turbulent enough, but strengthened with a wry and vigorous intelligence. It would make a terrific movie.

Trumpet abroad

Val Wilmer

Leslie Thompson: An Autobiography
as told to JEFFREY P. GREEN *Rabbit Press, 29 High Street, Crawley, Sussex* £16.95

ARRIVING IN BRITAIN in 1919, Jamaican trumpeter Leslie Thompson was amazed at the first sight to meet his eyes. Gazing down at the Bristol dockside, he saw a white man in overalls, sweeping. Back home, the job would have been done by someone of African descent. It was a misleading vision of racial 'equality' for the young West India Regiment bandsman.

He had come to study at Kneller Hall, the military music academy. There he won a medal for his ability but was prevented from seeking promotion to Bandmaster, the logical progression. Bandmaster was an officer rank and only whites were officers. Denied promotion on racial grounds, he was forced to fall back on traditional employment, leaving the army and returning to Jamaica to play for dances and silent movies. The arrival of the talkies put him abruptly out of work. He had enjoyed his stay in England, despite the occasional rude remark about his appearance, so, in 1929, decided to try his luck once again in the 'Mother Country'. In what became a remarkable career, he played first trumpet for key American music figures Louis Armstrong and Benny Carter; he also played for the London theatre (including working for C. B. Cochran) where his was generally the only Black face to be seen.

Thompson, now 84, has recorded his reminiscences. He joins the growing ranks of settlers presenting a version of history on their own terms. Like E. Martin Noble's *Jamaica Airman*, these memoirs are written for whites and Blacks alike who think migration from the Caribbean was a postwar phenomenon.

Among other things, the book draws a clear picture of the social divisions that existed in turn-of-the-century Jamaica. So deep did colonialist brainwashing go, says Thompson, that he accepted white 'superiority' as 'natural' until he read Marcus Garvey. He describes how ambitious Jamaicans were always leaving the island. He stresses the enormous sense of family responsibility in the Caribbean, the driving force behind diligent labour overseas, and his book acknowledges the ever-growing number of Blacks who influenced British life between the World Wars.

When Thompson decided he had finished

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

with nightlife, at the age of 62, he abandoned music to become a probation officer. At North London Magistrates Court, he shared probation duties with MP Clive Soley, then moved to Pentonville Prison. His involvement with the prison service continued after he retired; he was still teaching music there at the age of 76. His experience led him to conclude that prison is an inadequate response to the situation of most offenders.

Lively and fast-moving, this book occasionally tantalises by naming significant individuals without elaborating on their aims or impact. The author, a devout Christian, has lived through a time when surviving with dignity was the best for which most Black people here could hope, but staying silent should never be taken to imply acquiescence. Reading between the lines, it is clear that he holds back his displeasure about the effects of racism. This, in itself, is symptomatic of the damage racism has done to this nation. For those unaware of the richness of our Black history, it is invaluable reading: a 'version' on which many futures can be built. □

War stories

David Caute

A Land Apart: A South African Reader
ed. ANDRÉ BRINK & J. M. COETZEE *Faber*
£9.50

THE REMARKABLE VITALITY of contemporary South African writing, the inspiration it draws from the grotesque contours of daily life, its creative reaction to the chasm separating the real from the ideal (or the tolerable), reminds us that the prospects for the arts in utopia are poor. In *Land Apart* two distinguished writers, André Brink and J. M. Coetzee (whose *Waiting for the Barbarians* may be the finest allegory about colonial psychology yet written) have made a skilful selection of modern stories, memoirs, and poems, plus one or two filleted novels, written by black and white South Africans.

The editors have divided the book into two parts: works originating in English, and those translated from Afrikaans. The literature written in Xhosa, Zulu, Sotho and other black languages is represented by only one poet, Mazizi Kunene, and this in itself may be significant. Kunene was born in 1932, whereas the majority of black writers presented in *Land Apart* belong to the 'generation of '76', which has increasingly abandoned the vernacular for the universality of English — despite the strictures and warnings of the Kenyan novelist, Ngugi wa Thiong'o. By focussing on younger black writers, Brink and Coetzee have been unable to include the generation which went into exile in the Sixties: Lewis Nkosi, Dennis Brutus, Bessie Head and Es'kin Mphahlele. To balance this inevitable impoverishment, they have likewise excluded the most celebrated white writers of their own generation except Nadine Gordimer — no doubt to help the book along in the text-book market.

Many white writers, André Brink among them, have made heroic leaps of empathy into the condition imposed on the black majority by apartheid and white minority rule. Not surprisingly, however, it is the black writers who convey the most vivid and unadorned account of what it is like to be on the receiving end. Modikwe Dikobe's 'Episodes in the Rural Areas' relates with eloquent understatement the injustices and humiliations inflicted on black farm workers; Motshile Wa Nthodi's 'South African Dialogue' tosses back 'kitchen-kaffir' with brutal humour:

> Baasboy/Tell Bass Ben that,/Bass Kleinbass says,/Bass says,/If Baas Ben wants to see me/(Kleinbaas)/Bass Ben must come and/See me (Kleinbaas) here.

'Kleinbaas' means young master; no doubt the unfortunate messenger will be punished for the message.

Perhaps the most vivid passages of direct reporting occur in Maria Tholo's tape-recorded 'Diary' of the upheavals which shook Soweto in 1976 and effectively launched the present phase of resistance among black and coloured youth. Fear and constant anxiety about the mounting anarchy are related from the responsible, controlling viewpoint of a mother. On one occasion she rushes to disperse a crowd of small children who are poised to imitate their elder brothers by throwing stones at buses and cars, innocent of the indiscriminate slaughter that the police riot cars have in store. Another mother emerges to confront her: why are you frightening my children?

A distinctive feature of black South African story-telling (and indeed of the memoirs of former freedom fighters in Zimbabwe) is its attention to small detail. At first sight this 'laundry list' approach may seem naive, for is not writing about selection and evasion of the obvious? Not necessarily: read Joel Matlou's 'Man Against Himself', the story of a factory worker who went down the mines in search of quick money, and you may discover that the narrative is accelerated rather than retarded by the author's scrupulous attention to every cent in his pocket, to every hour and coincidence in his tormented progress towards livelihood.

Black writing also reminds us that violence, domination and prejudice are not merely the heritage of white oppression. In Gcina Mhlope's story, 'Nokulunga's Wedding,' a country girl is simply seized against her will by strangers, carried away, and raped in a pre-marriage ceremony of expropriation. No one intervenes to save her; she is female, a chattel without a vote, and cows (*lobola*) will later be exchanged by way of payment to her male relatives. In 'Call Me Not a Man,' Mtutuzeli Matshoba describes the predatory rampage of black 'police reservists' in Soweto on a Friday, payday. Exploiting the pass-laws, these gangsters waylay pedestrians and passengers, exacting money, stealing freely from unlicensed vendors, sometimes exacting payment in sex. Matshoba offers us a pavement-eye view of the collaborators and informers upon whom vengeance has recently been descending in the form of axings and barbaric 'necklace' burnings-alive.

Among the white writers, one of the sharpest jolts comes in Sheila Roberts' 'The Weekenders', in which the author ventriloquises two voices, one of hatred and the other of indifference, in the course of the horrific rape-and-mutilation of a white woman. A comparable violence descends like a knife in Jeanette Ferreira's 'The Lover'. The most strikingly original piece of writing in the collection, Etienne van Heerden's 'My Cuban', comes at the end. Both naturalistic and surreal (a debt to J. M. Coetzee, perhaps), this story depicts the trance-like consciousness of a soldier sent to fight the 'border war' in Angola. 'The idea of penetration was exciting, understandably.' A real talent resides in that last word. □

ISHR
— British Section —

HUMAN RIGHTS AND NAMIBIA

An in-depth analysis of human rights and Namibia.
ISBN 3-89248-006-0

Includes Namibia Human Rights Report: 1986.

Available from the
International Society for Human Rights
27, Old Gloucester Street
London, WC1N 3XX

Please enclose cheque or postal order for £2.50 per copy.

INTERNATIONAL SOCIETY FOR HUMAN RIGHTS
ISHR

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS

Why Owen will survive

Roger Fox, Chairman, Ealing SDP, London W4

David Owen has been consistently opposed since he became leader in 1983 but previously the opposition was centred on separate issues and conducted behind closed doors. Only those Party stalwarts who closely follow SDP affairs knew of this situation and as the oppositionists have never been able substantially to challenge him, there has never been a critique of their position.

Owen's critics (Roger Liddle, *NS* 15 August) often argue that his political position is too 'right-wing' and as a consequence it is assumed that the critics are taking a more left-wing approach. But it might be the case that Owen's critics resent anything that either rocks the boat within the SDP or makes for difficulties in relations with the Liberals. From this angle all the argument in the SDP makes sense.

At next month's SDP conference Owen will come under fire for insisting that the election manifesto contains an explicit pledge that the British nuclear deterrent will be retained when Polaris wears out. Critics believe that Owen's position is provocative to the Liberal wing of the Alliance. Owen is prepared to see our nuclear weapons become part of a European nuclear force but the bottom line is that we retain some kind of deterrent capability until it is negotiated away as part of an East-West agreement. To take this line is entirely consistent both for Owen and the SDP.

In 1984 Owen was attacked for developing the idea of the social market economy and in 1983 for not wanting an instant merger with the Liberals. In past arguments Owen emerged as the victor and he will do so again at Harrogate. Why is he on such firm ground?

Owen is recognised as a hard worker for the Party. He travels far and wide, talks to Party workers and is accessible. It is his great energy which has kept the Party alive. It is the sheer effort required to sustain a small party in the House of Commons to the extent that it can challenge for a place in government if there is no overall majority for a single party which he has successfully displayed that makes him admired by his supporters.

Second, the SDP is a strange political animal for those who do not know it well. While it was formed by seasoned politicians, some 65 per cent of its members had no previous political party experience and this group is slowly taking over the Party by becoming more assertive and less inclined to accept the leadership of the original founders without question.

To have members without previous political party experience has its advantages for the SDP not only because these members have no ideological baggage but also because they do not carry a legacy of jealousies and personal enmities which other politicians in the SDP have from their Labour Party past. Slowly but surely this group is gaining political experience and will make a stronger mark. David Owen has political attributes which they like and they identify strongly with him.

Third, Owen's critics tend to be too elitist. Owen and younger SDP MPs see no reason for important issues to be referred to the 'Gang of Four' just because that group were the original catalysts for the formation of the Party. In the 'Gang of Four' Owen is obviously in the minority but John Cartwright, Ian Wrigglesworth, Bob McLennan, and Charles Kennedy are all very active in the House sharing Owen's load and want a say in policy and tactical decisions. When Owen is challenged in Party committees the MPs invariably support Owen.

Nevertheless, in the SDP National Committee Owen is consistently opposed on controversial issues by Bill Rodgers, Roger Liddle, Celia Goodhart, Julia Neuberger, Dick Taverne, David Marquand and a few others. Their opposition is not based upon some political theme, it is based upon a tactic — the SDP should get closer to the Liberals so that eventually a merger is the only option.

The question Owen's critics never ask themselves is why the 65 per cent who joined the SDP did not join the Liberals before the SDP was formed. Indeed why don't they join the Liberals now? It is certainly cheaper! There is quite a big distinction between the parties which makes an Alliance attractive but which a merger would destroy. The Liberal Party is extremely parochial at local level whereas the average SDP member is in the Party to help secure institutional reform at national level. The Alliance blends well at local level because each party brings different attributes which help the other and because it is in both parties' interests to work effectively together.

Owen's critics will become more isolated as time goes by because the previously non-political members will develop their political interests and skills for national reform to the extent that they will not want them diluted by a merger. Alliances and coalitions as a means of achieving political goals with whoever shares these goals, including Labour, will always be possible. The only drawback with the Labour coalition idea is that it takes two to tango. Until the SDP and the Alliance is stronger in the House of Commons it cannot force anyone to do a deal with it.

Richard Gravil, Chairman, The Limehouse Group

Have I misunderstood Roger Liddle? Having listened to him, during the first five years of the SDP's existence, berating the trade unions, going on about privatisation of buses, complaining (even in the quiet of the National Committee) about London's municipal Stalinism, I had come to the conclusion — with many others — that he was one of the people most responsible for the SDP's drift to the right. Certainly the vehemence of many SDP spokesmen in their continuous attacks on what they like to call the loony left (which seems to include anyone to the left of Neil Kinnock, beginning with Ken Livingstone) must — in my view — have helped to persuade many people that the SDP really is a right-wing outfit. It has certainly been a major factor in driving many social democrats out of the SDP.

Yet his article says virtually nothing that anyone in the Limehouse Group (founded early in '84 to counter the drift to the right) could disagree with — except that I am less sure than he is that the SDP is 'still committed to a mixed economy with an active role for the state'. There has been precious little evidence of that from Ian Wrigglesworth (SDP industry spokesman) and others, and those of us who have been developing the new social ownership theme within the SDP have been attacked for advocating 'back-door nationalisation and expropriation'.

Surely the best possible outcome, after the next general election, is a left-of-centre coalition involving Labour, SDP, Liberal, and Nationalists. This will be the real test of whether the MPs in these various groupings are capable of thinking ideologically rather than tactically. If we emerge from a coalition government with an entirely new parliamentary line up, so much the better.

Undoubtedly, as Roger Liddle points out, the problem is defence. Roger's conversion to agnosticism over the notion of an independent British nuclear deterrent is welcome, too: though it is hard to work out how far that conversion has gone. If there is one single cause of the failure of the SDP to make the breakthrough it expected, it is surely the curious belief of some leading Social Democrats that (in Britain — unlike West Germany, Holland, Sweden) social democracy and nuclear weapons are inseparable. It is also this issue which has so far prevented the Liberal and Social Democratic parties from experiencing the kind of clarifying cross-migration many of us — in the early days — expected to see.

The ideological question, surely, is not 'should Britain have an independent nuclear deterrent?' but 'should Britain belong to an alliance of pluralist Western democracies set up for the purpose of collective security, and (in consequence) accept particular responsibilities as a member of that Alliance?'. If social democrats (whichever party they are in, and including those who prefer to call themselves democratic socialists) can persuade themselves to think in these terms, rather than in fatuous slogans about particular weapons, it may still be possible to stitch together a natural anti-Tory majority.

Left alive

Arnold Statriam, London NW2

What happend to Labour's left? I'll tell you what happened to the majority of them. They are still involved as they have been for many years getting on with the job of building up the Labour Party, strengthening the trade unions and arguing the case for the ideas and ideals of democratic socialism *outside* as well as *inside* the party. Its members are still there in every section of the party from the 'rank and file' to the 'leadership'. Their aim is, as it always was, to sharpen up our movements machinery of political persuasion and strengthen democratic accountability, undermine

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and overcome the fallacious arguments of our political opponents and, above all, to create the power which will be needed to rid our society of its social and economic evils.

I'll tell you what went wrong with those who *claimed* they were the 'Labour left' (as described by Sarah Benton, *NS* 15 August). They contracted a particularly nasty strain of sectarian sickness. They mindlessly repeated the catechisms of the 1930s which foresaw socialist victory in the 'collapse' of capitalism and they saw the 'capture' of this or that position in the labour movement as some mystical method by which they could avoid the need to capture the imagination of the electorate.

It is symptomatic of an article on the grouplets who jostle to claim the title of 'Labour's left' that nowhere in it is there the slightest intimation of the policies they are supposed to reflect. That is not Sarah Benton's fault. There is no original thinking in the grouplets. There is not the slightest understanding of what has been happening in this country or in the world.

But it is a pity that the article — because of the way it is presented — gives no serious consideration to what the majority of Labour's left has achieved. And that is a whole series of policies which are entirely relevant to the problems of mass unemployment, the decline of our manufacturing industry, the reconstruction of our social services and our transport systems, as well defence and foreign policies which are compatible with Britain's position in a dangerous world.

No phoenix yet

Susanna Simons, London NW1

As a (more or less) ex-reader of the *New Statesman* I noticed your recent prophecies of phoenix-like emergence from the ashes of mediocrity, so read last week's issue with interest and hope. Compared with other countries, Britain's left-wing press tends to be dreary with little awareness or reflection of political and intellectual currents. The 'malaise' of the left lacks intelligent journalistic analysis, so I hoped that a reborn *NS* might examine the changes — where energy on the left is actually going, and why (anti-racism, feminism, local politics . . .), in clear accessible weekly articles. The ideas and issues and writers are there: it's a question of using them.

What I (and many left-wingers of my acquaintance, aligned or non-aligned) do *not* want is intricate descriptions of internal groupings in the Labour Party; journalistically self-referential pieces on the Buckpalace press corps or *News on Sunday* and I. F. Stone. (This last gave me a clue about the possible aims of the new *New Statesman*; a 1950s-style American investigative journalism, fine for its time and place, but inappropriate for 1986 Britain.)

I find the better reading towards the back: reviews, backchat, even heartsearch; yet frankly the near equivalent's available from *City Limits*.

CLASSIFIED ADS: 01-251 5487

New Statesman
14-16 Farringdon Lane
London EC1R 3AU

RATES: *£8.50 per cm* + VAT
Charities £7.50 per cm + VAT

LINAGE: *35p* per word + VAT, *min 12 words*

HEARTSEARCH PURSUITS *£5.75* for *25* words incl. box number & VAT. Extra words *30p* each (incl VAT). Send ads to: **Classified Dept, New Statesman, FREEPOST, London EC1B 1EB**

DEADLINE: Normally *11am Tues.* for *Fri.*

BOOKINGS, ENQUIRIES, 'DICTATE-AN-AD'
Call *David Jones 01-251 5487*

GENERAL SERVICES

AUDIO/COPY typing, word processing. Neat efficient, competitive. Jenny Burke: 01-892 8929. N17 2

ONYX SECRETARIAL SERVICES. Manuscripts, reports, documents, letters etc. Call Nikky on (01) 458 1364. N34 3

QUALITY TYPING English, German, French. Moderate charges. Anne Shotts: 01-452 6617. N49 27

THE TYPING POOL a woman's co-operative. Professional low cost typing of articles, thesis, letters etc, from script or tape. Translation and typing of French, German, Spanish and Italian. Central London. Tel: 01-837 1489. N49 28

RESTAURANT

GAY HUSSAR Restaurant, 2 Greek Street, London W1. 01-437 0973. Traditional Hungarian cuisine. N34 10

FINANCIAL

SALARIED PERSONS Postal Loans Ltd. Loans from £50, 175 Regent Street, London W1. For written quote apply: Tel: 01-734 1974. N49 39

THERAPY

CREATIVE JOURNAL WORKSHOPS. Self-exploration through therapeutic journal writing. Introductory weekend 12-13 September. Call: 01-995 5320. N35 5

BOOKS/ PUBLICATIONS

REVIEW COPIES and other books in fine condition bought and sold by Vermillion Books, 57 Red Lion St, London WC1. Tel: 01-242 5822. N49 24

COURSES

pcl
Faculty of the Social Sciences and Business Studies

Trade Unionists:
Two year course of part-time evening study leading to a Diploma in Labour Studies.

Programme includes:
Industrial Relations; Labour Law; Economics; Labour History; Trade Unions and the Media.
No formal educational qualifications required. Reduced fees for certain unemployed people.

For further details ring the Admissions Officer on: **01-486 5611 ext. 6448.**
or write to her at:
The Registry,
Faculty of the Social Sciences and Business Studies,
PCL, 32-38 Wells Street,
London W1P 3FG.

The Polytechnic of Central London

HOLIDAYS

JOURNEY LATIN AMERICA. Low cost flights, holiday journeys, 3-6 weeks. JLA, 16 Devonshire Road, London W4 2HD. 01-747 3108. N49 30

TRIED THE REST, now try the best. For low air fares to world-wide destinations inc. Africa. SHL, 313A Hoe St, London E17. 01-520 7911. N50 16

***MOSCOW* £199 sleeper train**
11 day holidays, starting **Tuesdays** for the following dates **2-12 Sept., 9-19 Sept., 16-26 Sept., 24 Dec.-3 Jan. 1987.** Hotel provides full board and programme. Free entry to the Kremlin, all museums and the Exhibition of Scientific Achievement.

***BERLIN* 6-14 Sept., 26 Dec.-3 Jan. £205 & Dresden, Leipzig & Weimar.**

***BUDAPEST CITY* Dates as Moscow. (by coach) £165.**

***ALGERIA* Cities & Oases 26 Dec.-3 Jan. £250.**

***VENICE, VERONA, DOLOMITES* 5-14 Sept., 12-21 Sept., 19-28 Sept., 26 Dec.-4 Jan. £135.**

***NAPLES, SORRENTO, POMPEII & CAPRI* 20-28 Sept., £160.**
Stay on the sunny, warm Sorrento Riviera. Frequent boats to Capri, view the crater of Vesuvius, visit the Roman cities of Pompeii and Herculaneum.

INTOURIST GUARANTEES THE SAFETY OF OUR RUSSIAN HOLIDAYS

YORKSHIRE TOURS
49 Thornton Lodge Road,
Huddersfield HD1 3JG
Tel: 0484 24269

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

APPOINTMENTS

STE

TRADE UNION IN HIGH TECHNOLOGY

seeks

THREE FIELD OFFICERS

The Society of Telecom Executives with 28,000 members is the trade union for the managerial and professional staff employed by British Telecom. The STE is affiliated to the TUC, controls an established political fund, and supports several campaigning organisations, including the NCCL and Amnesty International. In order to improve services to STE members, three further Field Officers are to be appointed. Initially two of these posts will be based in the Greater London Area and the other in the North of England. (As these are national posts subsequent relocation may be necessary). The Field Officers will be expected to provide support to Branch Officers in membership recruitment; local negotiation; representation on behalf of individual members; and the provision of information and advice.

Applications are invited from men and women with an understanding of, and experience in, the Trade Union Movement.

The key traits include communication skills; resilience; "self-motivation"; and the capacity to influence varied groups of people.

The pay of the Field Officers will be linked to the pay of members. The starting salary will be negotiable dependent upon experience and ability on a scale approximately £13,500 to £17,800, exclusive of London Weighting (this scale is to be raised wef 1.7.86). The other benefits include a Public Sector type contributory superannuation scheme, with normal retirement at 60, and 6 weeks holiday entitlement.

All applications will be treated in confidence and should be forwarded to **the General Secretary, Society of Telecom Executives, 102/104 Sheen Road, Richmond-upon-Thames, Surrey TW9 1UF** marked "Personal" before **9 September, 1986.**

The STE is an equal opportunity employer.

Society of Telecom Executives, 102/104 Sheen Road, Richmond, Surrey TW9 1UF

Tel: **(01) 948 5423**

COHSE

Confederation of Health Service Employees

Legal Assistant

Salary £9,999-£11,097 plus London Weighting (£1,032 pa)

COHSE is Britain's largest trade union for Health and Social Service staffs with 220,000 members.

We are looking for someone with qualifications in law (solicitor, barrister or good law degree) with relevant experience to work in the union's small but busy Legal Department at our Head Office in Banstead, Surrey (thirty minutes' journey from London Victoria).

The Department's work is wide-ranging and includes helping full-time and lay union officers to deal with the legal problems of members, assisting with the processing of applications for union legal aid, liaising with the union's appointed firms of solicitors, providing briefing material for the NEC and Officers and contributing to union education. The Department works closely with the union's other specialist departments — eg Research, Editorial, Education.

We are looking for a lawyer with experience in all or some of the following areas: general employment law (unfair dismissal, etc.); social security law; personal injury work; equal opportunities law.

Interest in and a commitment to the trade union movement essential.

Applications in writing, including CV to the General Secretary, COHSE, Glen House, High Street, Banstead, Surrey SM7 2LH by Monday 15 September 1986.

Britain's Health Service Union

COHSE is an Equal Opportunities Employer

INSTITUTION OF PROFESSIONAL CIVIL SERVANTS

NEGOTIATIONS OFFICER VACANCY

Applications are invited for a Negotiations Officer post. Knowledge of the Civil Service or related public service and experience in trade union activities in these areas is highly desirable. Ability to communicate effectively is essential.

Salary scale **£10,795-£14,436**, annual leave **30 days per year.**

Non-contributory pension scheme which includes the counting of approved superannuable employment prior to joining the Institution's service. **Retirement is compulsory at age 60.** Applicants will be required to undergo a medical examination.

Applications are encouraged from all men and women irrespective of their ethnic origin, sexual orientation or disability.

Applications should include particulars of age, educational qualifications and present and previous employment. They must be received not later than **Monday 22 September, 1986**, addressed to:

Monica Thompson, Personnel and Administration Officer, Institution of Professional Civil Servants, 75-79 York Road, London SE1 7AQ.

HEART SEARCH 01-251 5487

Heartsearch & Pursuits £5.75

for 25 words including Box no & VAT (extra words at 35p)

You can dictate-an-ad up to 11 a.m. Tuesdays, or complete the coupon below

AD TEXT (BLOCK CAPS) or use separate sheet of paper

Name: _____

Address _____

No. of weeks: _____ Remittance £ _____

Or charge my Access/Visa/American Express

Card number: _____

AD for PURSUITS ☐ /HEARTSEARCH ☐ **(please tick)**

Post Coupon to: **Classified Dept., New Statesman, FREEPOST, London EC1B 1EB**

CITY SELECTION. 157-159 Whitecross Street, London EC1Y 8JL. 01-253 0055. We have many opportunities for secretaries/pas, wps, clerks and receptionists in a wide variety of interesting jobs – both temp and perm. PAYMENT SAME WEEK! N24.3

OV SELECTION have a number of vacancies for temporary & permanent office staff with typing skills. We welcome enquiries from mature people as well as College leavers. Phone Odette Veazey. OV Selection (Emp. Agy), Abford House, 15 Wilton Road, London SW1V 1LT. 01-828 8345. N49.34

Please mention **NEW STATESMAN** When replying to advertisements

---

HOUSE OF LIGHT TRUST. We are looking for responsible, versatile people to join our Christian community where assistants and mentally handicapped adults work and live together. Initial commitment one year. Pocket money and full-board. Contact The Director, "The Cornerstone", 115 Doncaster Road, Rotherham, S65 2BN. N35.1

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HEARTSEARCH

AFFINITIES. Discerning dating & definitely different events programme, eg Racing Car driving, Falconry weekend, for professional singles like you. Tel: 01-226 3337 for further details. Box (29)3400. N29.9

ARE YOU a lively minded individual, 18-80, enjoying the arts, discussions, conferences, rambles, dancing? The Progressive League caters for Mind, Body and Intellectual Stimulus. And it's so cheap. Ring 01-586 2274. N49.19

ARGYLL BASED, slim, non-smoking, professional male (38); seeks – intelligent, attractive female, to share life's pleasures. Photo appreciated. Box (35)3582. N35.2

ATTRACTIVE, INTELLIGENT, strong woman, 50, an ideal power behind the throne, seeks a tall, strong, educated man capable of displaying much gentleness and sensitivity. Box (35)3603. N35.3

BIRMINGHAM – socialist male (31), wishes to meet similar female (25-35), for friendship maybe more. Interests: cinema, reading, pubs and travel. Box (35)3584. N35.4

DATELINE'S PSYCHOLOGICALLY accurate introductions lead to pleasant friendships, spontaneous affairs and firm, lasting relationships including marriage. All ages, all areas. Free details: Dateline Computer Dating. *Dept. (7NS), 23 Abingdon Rd, London W8.* Tel. 01-938 1011. N49.20

DESIRABLE WOMAN (39), trim, fit, caring academic, happily married but covets long-term lover, combining handsome, muscular appearance with sensitivity and wisdom. Oxford/London. Box (35)3600. N35.6

EASY, SOCIALIST, arts male seeks nice woman for walking France cheapo soon, Wales sometime or later anything. Reciprocate *letter/photo: Graham, 6 Granville Terrace,* Bingley, Yorkshire. N35.7

GOOD-LOOKING, intelligent woman, 40, wide interests, seeks well-educated, cultured man around same age, with mature personality, vitality and sense of humour – doctor, teacher, social worker or similar – for caring relationship. London. Photo appreciated. Box (35)3588. N35.8

HEALTHY, DIVORCED gentleman (59), teacher and academic, returning to Britain next April after long absence, seeks lady with full figure for companionship. Interests include: music, opera, walking, travel. Box (35)3586. N35.9

HEARTSEARCHERS PLEASE NOTE that telephone bookings can only be accepted if accompanied by a credit Card Number (Access, American Express, Barclaycard, Diners' Club, Visa). N27.18

IF YOU are a man who likes movies, music and green-eyed women of 53, then drop me a line in London. Box (35)3601. N35.10

IS THERE LIFE outside work? Successful male, 33, seeks positive, intelligent woman to explore alternatives. Preferably small and slim, based London/East Anglia. Photo? Box (35)3585. N35.11

LEFT-LEANING woman (forties) sought for recreation (cinema, theatre, food etc.), by fit, pleasant lecturer (North East London). A sense *of humour would be appreciated.* Box (35)3993. N35.12

MALE, SEPARATED, own flat, (36), fair, slim, humorous. Interests: music, cinema, countryside, leftish politics, seeks woman of similar inclinations for a caring relationship. Central Scotland. Box (35)3594. N35.13

MALE SOCIALIST, aged 70, recently bereaved, physically and mentally active seeks female companion for theatre and walking. Perhaps holiday in China. Box (35)3610. N35.14

MAN, PROFESSIONAL, approaching 50 and early retirement. Wishes to meet woman interested in the arts, walking, gardening, with whom to share this future freedom. North West generally, but preferably Manchester/Liverpool axis. Box (35)3604. N35.15

OLD FRIENDS: an introduction agency for the over forties. Loneliness is not inevitable. Details from: Anne Brent, 18a Highbury New Park, London N5 2DB. N35.17

ORGANICALLY-MINDED graduate male, 37. Wwoofer and allotment gardener, would like to meet similar females for friendship and eventual homesteading. Box (35)3587. N35.16

PROFESSIONAL MALE graduate, 30s, non-smoker, caring and gentle, wishes to meet attractive, uninhibited professional female for fun and friendship in the coming winter months. I also enjoy good food, wine, theatre and concerts. Photo and phone number appreciated. Box (35)3589. N35.17

SEXUALLY AND intellectually active gentleman, divorced, vasectomised, fifties, seeks someone who responds to warmth, fun and laughter and joie-de-vivre and responsibility. Nature lover, rural Wiltshire. Box (35)3602. N35.18

SLIGHTLY TIRED and emotional Guardian-reading woman, against the bomb, in search of light relief and affection. Tallish 44. Likes: music, books, travelling and talking. Humour essential. Beard an optional extra. Box (35)3599. N35.19

SOPHISTICATED Ladies/Gentlemen introduced in India: worldwide for new friendships, matrimony/hobbies exchange. Details free: Penpals Circle, Gandhi Market, Chaura Bazar (NS), Ludhiana-141008, India. N34.26

TALL MAN wanted, single, 40-ish, sense of humour. For drinking, dancing & going to the pictures. I'm 41, female and turning into a workaholic. Help! Box (35)3592. N35.20

TRIUMPH OF HOPE over experience! Semi-continental woman, multi-farious interests, joie de vivre, seeks amiable, spirited, youthful man (over 55), intelligent, thinking and a mensh. For friendship, w/end companionship, London. Box (35)3605. N35.21

WEST MIDLANDS lady, fifties, early retired, still presentable with a bit of effort, seeks genuine unattached man to enhance social life. Box (35)3591. N35.22

WOMAN, 54, unattached, youthful appearance & outlook, seeks mature man, preferably widower, with wide interests, for permanent, caring relationship. (London/Southern England). Box (35)3583. N35.24

FRIENDS
ALL OVER THE WORLD
would like to correspond with you. Friendship, language, travels, marriage, etc.
Request free brochure:
LES AMIS DU COURRIER
International Pen-Friend Club
Rue Bovière 18, 4050 ESNEUX
BELGIUM

AGENDA

FOR DETAILS CALL DAVID JONES 01-251 5487

FRIENDS OF THE EARTH
GREENPEACE
invite you to
THE SAFE ENERGY RALLY
which launches
THE GREAT NUCLEAR DEBATE
Speakers include
Lord Melchett Greenpeace, Joan Ruddock CND,
Jonathon Porritt FoE, Kitty Tucker USA,
Frank Cook MP Labour Party, Des Wilson Liberal Party,
Jim Slater Seamen's Union
Cabaret
Among others, world famous guitarists ***John Williams,***
Paco Pena, and Gerry Garcia,
Also
BBC TV's Edge of Darkness
introduced by the author Troy Kennedy Martin
Westminster Central Hall, London W1
September 5th 1986 7.30–10.30pm.
Doors open 6.45pm
Tickets £5.00, concessions on the door £2.50
Join in the Great Nuclear Debate
for an end to Nuclear Power!
For details and advance tickets contact:–
FRIENDS OF THE EARTH
377 City Road, London EC1V 1NA 01-837 0731

NEW SOCIALIST

SEPTEMBER ISSUE ON SALE NOW

THE POLITICS OF CHILDBIRTH • THE COLONISATION OF DOCKLANDS BY INTERNATIONAL FINANCE • *THE MOUNTING PRESSURE ON NEW ZEALAND TO GIVE UP ITS ANTI-NUCLEAR STANCE* • **RAYMOND WILLIAMS** • JUDITH WILLIAMSON ON ***POPULAR CULTURE*** • *12 PAGES OF REVIEWS* • *5 PAGE MEDIA SUPPLEMENT AND MUCH MORE.*

TUC CONFERENCE
"THE WAY FORWARD"
— FRINGE MEETING ON SOCIAL SECURITY
(Sponsored by Action for Benefits, Child Poverty Action Group, and the National Campaign Against Social Security Cuts)
Tuesday 2nd September
12.30-2pm
The Preston Room, Royal Albion Hotel, Brighton
Speakers: Campbell Christie, Tessa Jowell, Geoff Lewtas, Ruth Lister
Barry Malone, Michael Meacher, Margaret Prosser

Marxism Today

September issue
JOHN EDMONDS interviewed by BEATRIX CAMPBELL
Also: Andrew Gamble on Thatcher vs the Queen. Grace Nichols & Fay Weldon on women writers. Olivia O'Leary interview. Bew & Patterson on Ireland after the Accord. Close Up on Mick McGahey. Bob Rowthorn on Unemployment.

■■ ON SALE NOW – 85p ■■
Or £10.20 (£19 overseas) for 12 mos. subscription to: *MT Subs, 16 St John St, London EC1M 4AY*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FOOD

Roman cookery

Anna Del Conte

IT IS RIGHT to begin with Rome when introducing Italian cookery. This is not only because Rome is the capital of Italy, but also because Italian cookery is partly based on Etruscan cookery as later improved and modified by the Romans. In Italy the food of each region has its own strongly marked characteristics; one Roman trait is the way they have given their own particular flavour to dishes that have originated elsewhere. Another important aspect of Roman cuisine is the ability to produce tasty and succulent dishes from the simplest and most basic of ingredients.

Roman cookery is based on traditional raw materials such as legumes, fresh vegetables — particularly wild salads, bread, pasta, *pecorino* cheese and olives. This is the food on which the Roman legionnaires conquered Europe, and the simplicity of these ancient foods is still the backbone of any meal you will enjoy in a Roman *trattoria*. Perhaps the only difference will be the 'new' arrivals: spinach from Persia, rice from the Middle East for the delicious *supplí* — risotto pie — and tomatoes and beans from the New World.

While the nobles and the rich ate *abbacchio* — baby lamb — the plebs used its liver, lights and heart, to which the tenderest artichokes were added, to prepare the delicious *coratella*. Another peasant food which has been elevated to a gourmet dish is oxtail; *coda alla vaccinara* is succulent oxtail stewed with celery in dry white wine and tomato sauce.

Roman vegetables and salads, grown in the rich volcanic soil of the surrounding countryside, are excellent. The stallholders in the markets usually sell produce they have grown themselves, and it is fresher and more varied than anywhere else in Italy. One kind of salad that is particularly good is called *misticanza*; it is a mixture of wild salads that grow in the countryside to the south of Rome. You can buy seed packets of *misticanza* everywhere in Italy; here — where it's called mesclum — by post from Suffolk Herbs, Little Cornard, Sudbury, Suffolk.

The local cheeses are *pecorino*, a hard cheese, and the soft, deliciously mild *ricotta*, which is the characteristic ingredient of Roman cakes and puddings. Both are made from sheep's milk — why is it never used in this country? The *ricotta*, made from the whey, is something very different from the *ricotta* made from cow's milk which you can buy here.

COSTOLETTINE A SCOTTADITO

Barbecued baby lamb chops

The chops in this recipe should be served so hot as to burn your fingers — in Italian, *scottadito*. The recipe can be used for grilling the meat, as well as for cooking it on a barbecue. Roman lambs are slaughtered when very young indeed, often only one month old. In this country, buy chops from a young English spring lamb, which are small and lean. Ask your butcher to knock off the corner bone and remove the backbone, leaving only the rib.

Ingredients (Serves 4)

8 or 12 lamb chops, according to size, approximately 12 mm (½ inch) thick
1 tbsp fresh marjoram, chopped
½ tbsp fresh mint, chopped
1 tbsp fresh thyme, chopped
1 garlic clove, peeled and finely chopped
freshly ground black pepper
1 lemon
2.5 ml (½ tsp) French mustard
60 ml (4 tbsp) extra virgin olive oil
salt

Mix all the chopped herbs, the garlic and the pepper together and coat the chops with this, pressing the mixture hard with your hands into both sides of the meat. Place the chops on an oiled dish and leave for at least one hour outside the fridge.

Meanwhile prepare the sauce. Squeeze the lemon and strain the juice into a small bowl. Add the mustard and then, gradually, the oil, beating constantly with a fork or a wire whisk. The sauce will become quite thick when well beaten. Taste and add seasonings.

When the charcoal is very hot (it should be ash-grey in daylight and have a red glow at night) place the chops on the grill and cook until done. The exact cooking time depends on the heat of the fire and the thickness of the meat. As a rough guide, allow 3 minutes each side if you like your lamb pink. When the chops are cooked, transfer them to a dish and sprinkle with salt. Hand the dish around straight away, serving the lemon sauce separately in a bowl, to dip the chops in.

SPINACI ALLA ROMANA

Spinach sautéed with sultanas and pine nuts

Spinach is highly rated in all Italian cooking, with many delicious recipes created around it. It is eaten simply *all'agro* — by itself, cooked and dressed with olive oil, lemon juice, salt and pepper and it is included in many different stuffings; with *ricotta* it is used to make delicate *gnocchi verdi* — green *gnocchi*, or as a basic ingredient in delicious *torte* — pies.

The recipe here is simplicity itself. The sweetness of the sultanas brings out the flavour of the spinach, while the pine nuts add a crunchy texture and a nutty taste. Try to buy Italian spinach, which has a more mellow flavour, and much less waste, than beet spinach. It has one snag: because it is bunchy, with curly leaves, it needs more thorough washing. If you use beet spinach, remove the thick stalks and only use the leaves. (If the spinach is young, you can use the stalks on another occasion. Cut them into 2-inch lengths and boil them in plenty of salted water until *al dente*. Drain them well and eat them as they are, dressed with olive oil, lemon juice and pepper, or cover with a cheesey white sauce and bake in the oven until golden and crusty. Very good!)

Ingredients (Serves 4 if beet spinach, 5 if Italian spinach)

1 kg (2 lb) fresh spinach
salt and freshly ground black pepper
25g (1 oz) sultanas
60 ml (1 tbsp) olive oil
15 g (½ oz) butter
1 garlic clove, lightly crushed
25g (1 oz) pine nuts

Cook the thoroughly washed spinach in a saucepan over moderate heat with a little salt and no water. The water clinging to its leaves is enough. Drain well and, when cool, squeeze out all the moisture with your hands. While the spinach is cooking, soak the sultanas in warm water for 10 minutes. Drain and dry on absorbent kitchen paper.

Sauté the oil, butter and garlic clove in a frying pan for 1 minute. Discard the garlic and add the spinach, sultanas and pine nuts. Fry gently for 5 minutes, turning the mixture over frequently. Season with plenty of pepper and, if necessary, salt.

FETTUCCINE ALLA PAPALINA

Fettuccine (the Roman version of tagliatelle) with prosciutto, eggs and cream

The Italian name of this recipe means 'fettuccine worthy of a pope'. The pope in question was Pius XII, and this dish was created for him, when he was still Cardinal Pacelli, by the owner of a *trattoria* in Trastevere. When Pacelli was elected pope, the fettuccine were upgraded too. The prosciutto you buy must be thickly sliced — about 3 mm (⅛ inch).

Ingredients (Serves 4)

50g (2 oz) butter
1 small onion, very finely chopped
salt
120 g (4 oz) prosciutto, cut into matchsticks
freshly ground black pepper
2 eggs
110 ml (4 fl oz) single cream
500 g (1 lb 2 oz) fresh tagliatelle or 340 g (12 oz) dried egg tagliatelle
85 g (3 oz) freshly grated Parmesan cheese

Put 25 g (1 oz) of the butter and the onion in a heavy frying pan, large enough to hold the pasta later. Add a pinch of salt (this will make the onion soften quicker without browning) and sauté for 10 minutes, stirring frequently. Meanwhile lightly beat together the eggs and the cream, and season to taste.

Add the prosciutto to the onion and continue cooking over gentle heat for a further 5 minutes or so. Draw off the heat, cover the pan and keep warm while you finish cooking the pasta.

While the sauce is cooking, put a large saucepan with 4 litres (7 pints) of water on the heat. When the water is boiling, add 1½ tablespoons of salt. Wait until the water comes back to the boil and then slide in the pasta. Stir well and cook until *al dente*.

Just before the pasta is ready, heat the remaining butter and the egg and cream mixture very gently in a small saucepan. The mixture should only heat up and not come near boiling point, or the eggs will

A bottle of No 6 is not good enough, sir — pronounce it!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

scramble and the mixture will thicken too much.

Drain the pasta, but do not overdrain, and turn it immediately into the frying pan with the prosciutto and onion. Bring the pan back to the heat and stir-fry for about 30 seconds. Draw off the heat and mix in the egg and cream mixture and about half the Parmesan. Serve at once from the pan, handing the remaining cheese separately in a bowl.

BRUSCHETTA

Roman garlic bread

Bruschetta is a crisp, charred-tasting bread, very different from its French equivalent. It is made with coarse country bread, which has a high nutritional value. For centuries *bruschetta* has been a staple dish of the poor, who used ironically to call it *cappone* — capon — since it was the nearest they could get to this delicacy of the rich. Nowadays *bruschetta* is served as an appetiser while you wait for your pasta to be ready. *Bruschetta* is also ideal to eat with fish soups.

Cut a loaf of coarse white bread into really thick (20mm/$\frac{3}{4}$ inch) slices. For 6 slices you will need 2 peeled and squashed garlic cloves, some extra virgin olive oil and a good deal of freshly ground black pepper.

Score the slices lightly with the point of a small knife in a criss-cross fashion. Grill the bread on both sides over charcoal or wood embers (or under the grill) and then, while still hot, rub it with the garlic. Put the slices in a hot oven for 2 minutes, to make them crisp through, and then place them on a dish. Dribble some oil over them and sprinkle generously with pepper, and with a little salt if desired. □

Anna Del Conte's guide to Italian regional cookery continues every four weeks.

BACKCHAT

Darkening doorsteps

Josephine Saxton

I THINK I MAY have recently been the victim of racism, sexism and ageism. There's got to be an explanation of why I, a woman, 'of a certain age' and uncertain lineage (abroad I'm always asked the way because I look like a native) got banned from the pub where gather young stylists of all sexes and races in a holocaust of sound.

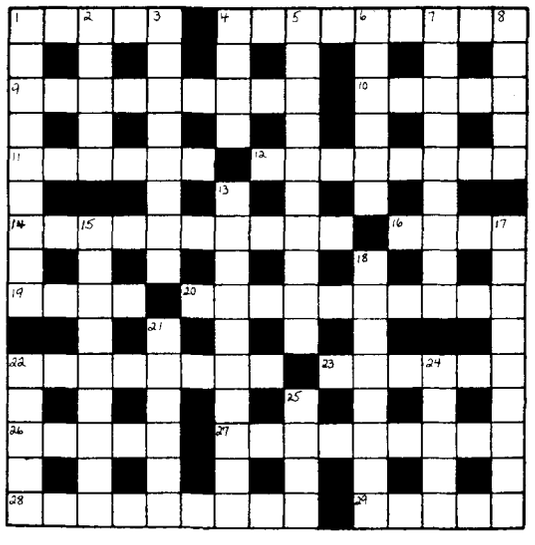
Maybe I shouldn't have been in there in my interesting (or weird) clothes, but I have lots of young friends because most people of my age seem regrettably stuffy, boring and inelastic in thought and knee-joint and disapprove of too many things I like. If I go out it isn't to sit like a fossil in a pseudo-classy fake country house in a drizzle of musak, in front of British Gas curling around fake logs and staring at the urns of flahs. Nor do I go out to discuss the finer points of art or literature, and definitely not politics. I avoid the local where they obsessively discuss Maggie and Ronald ever since I mistakenly wandered into its garden on election night hoping to see shooting stars under the influence of draught cider. A fat poet and a witchy woman thumped the table and maundered on about the end of democracy, not at all my idea of a good night out.

Nor do I care for quiet pubs where miserable couples listen to the dog's belly rumble and stare at prints of horses, until sufficient alcohol passes the blood-brain barrier to cause one of them to inadvertently blurt something out. I do quite enjoy our Jamaican pub but they've been playing the same reggae for five years now, and as a 'white' it can be a bit tedious to be chatted up continually — yeah, racism again but the night I went there in a blonde wig just about everybody propositioned me.

There is only one detail wrong with the pub of my choice, which I like because of the dressy posers, being one myself, and that is a bouncer, a gingery brute with white eyelashes. I regret to say this is a type I've always had trouble with; it doesn't like me and I fear it. I once had a bank manager of this colouring who gave me hell ('My dear lady an unauthorised overdraft is stealing'), and I swear if I'd worn the blonde wig on that occasion I'd have got away with it. Actually, I feel that this isn't so much racist *per se* as tribal. Celts, Vikings, Picts, Saxons, all territory mad and pillaging and burning in the distant past, and still the subconscious hatreds emerge. Usually the gingery bouncer had ignored me and vice versa, an undercurrent of mutual dislike not surfacing to mar my high and happy nights out, where clothes could be shown off and orders shouted over the brilliant music. No fear of being bored by opinions or in-depth examinations of 19th-century etching techniques there. I drank in an illusion of gentle anarchy floating somewhere over fin-de-siècle Paris, pre-War Berlin, the Sixties and Merry Pranksters, Bloomsbury or wherever Creative Decadence may flourish. ▷

Weekend Crossword 1530

PRIZE: £10 Book Token for the first correct solution opened. Entries to Crossword 1530, New Statesman, 14-16 Farringdon Lane, London EC1R 3AU by first post 16 September.



Name_____

Address_____

ACROSS

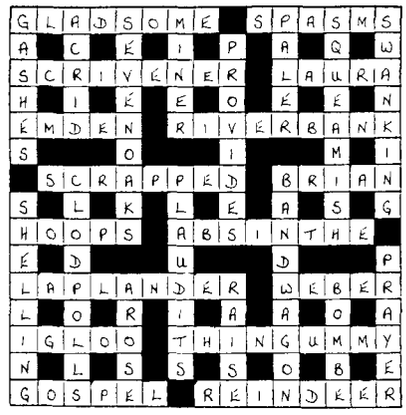
1. Where males go freely (5)
4. Fog makes one look intently round a dish (9)
9. Provide weapons before there is trouble about sick animal (9)
10. A hundredweight place (5)
11. Team which displays masculine skills (6)
12. It is a fluid but there is nothing like this in an island (8)
14. Troops who tell a columnist about a deserter (10)
16. Loose cover for mistake (4)
19. Nevertheless one is a beast (4)
20. Fruit began to be spoilt in the vehicle (10)
22. Free fight where horses are kept (8)
23. Drug after the manner of the palace (6)
26. Preside with high honour before broadcasting (5)
27. Gentle in a scramble but not refined (9)
28. The river is in spate if the tasks are heartless (9)
29. Final alternative for a witch's place (5)

DOWN

1. Little man on strike is recklessly jolly (9)
2. Monk holds one to be a monster (5)
3. Think how a friend holds the sea up (8)
4. Beat up own side (4)
5. Spurious call in a bit of an explosion over Henry (10)
6. Speaker who is in for a torrid time (6)
7. Father is about to turn the perambulator (9)
8. Where to shoot a line (5)
13. Commercial advantages of distributing the pool in cash (10)
15. Cut down the drink as a matter of principle (9)
17. The old man is around as my potential supplier of money (9)
18. No longer current so permitted to be included in the order (8)
21. Measuring system which gives me most of the knack (6)
22. Money gets one caught in its attraction (5)
24. Little bit of publicity about fighting for a prize (5)
25. From these one drives for the river (4)

SETSQUARE

Solution to 1528



Prizewinner to 1528

E. A. Barber
(North Walsham, Norfolk)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

So what excuse did I give my sole enemy to throw me out? Snort some foul drug and go berserk? Take my own bottle of wine and ask for a glass? Demonstrate T'ai Ch'i under the influence and propel somebody through a wall? No — truly, my behaviour was exemplary, my worst offence can only have been a particularly loud laugh which I'm told can be unnerving.

I made a fatal mistake. Instead of confining my communications to admiration of astonishing trivia such as long blue fingernails (on a chap), I found myself in the quieter corner actually deep in conversation five minutes before last orders with a full glass. Everybody else had rushed over to the window to watch a blue-flashing light-show, and if I'd kept my mind on my clothes and my posing I might have heard that somebody had been stabbed with glass from the shop window opposite, and paid attention to the urgency with which 'drink up' was being blared. I never even noted when they pulled the plug on the sound. The place had been cleared so it was with amazement that I had a close-up of a pair of pale eyes peering at me under the brim of my Clint Eastwood hat, and heard this pink person screaming 'come on, get it down your neck and piss off!'

Well, a few Welsh-Jewish-Black genes I have, but I also have a few aristo double-helix bits in here, and I am old enough to be his mother and deserve more respect and, all tribal fear dispersed along with my youthful posturing, I drew myself up and in my finest middle-class lady accent replied: 'Here I say, please do not speak to me like that!' and the next I knew we were out on the street with the rabble, the ban imposed forever. I couldn't believe it — I'd spoken as if I should have been wearing Aquascutum with cheese-cutting creases — I can't recall what my companion said but I think I heard the word 'peasant'. Well, a woman of my age, mother of four etc., etc. isn't going to be spoken to like that, is she? Confused? I should say I was; maybe it is time, as they would say in the tub-thumping pub, I examined my prejudices, stance, ethics, maybe I should stay in more, maybe I'm entrenched trying to be trendy, maybe I'm a silly old woman not so much youthful as downright retarded.

But, the other bouncers didn't pick on me, did they? Just that one, who for all I know detests women, especially older ones — or did he just pick up on my deep fear of his type? Anyway, although I'm not quite ready to swap Wet-look Gel for a blue rinse, I am staying home more; the incident coincides nicely with my working on a new novel and some heavy gardening and home decorating (how middle-class, I'm planting *species* roses, even). And when that phase is over, I hear they've opened a rival establishment with mirrors on the ceiling, Erté prints and three videos with — ah blessed peace at the centre of the cyclone — even louder music. And a Spanish doorman. □

Josephine Saxton regulary reviews science fiction for the New Statesman. *Her most recent book,* Little Tours of Hell, *is published by Pandora.*

Weekend competition

No 2939 **Set by Ben Trovato**

The modest suggestion in the Thatcher Youth's *New Agenda* that the Earl of Stockton should be tried for 'war crimes' may only be the tip of the iceberg. Given their ideological peculiarities, what other reinterpretations of Tory past (or indeed Tory present) might the FCS be itching to write. A front-page story, please, 150 words maximum, by 11 September — bearing in mind that *we* don't want writs and injunctions, from Tebbit or anyone else.

No 2936 **Set by Red Dorn**

Clerihews on contemporary novelists, musicians and filmmakers.

Report **By Ben Trovato**

Ciao ragazzi! As you know, the *NS* has the honour of being based in London's Little Italy, and the back half of the magazine now has a predominantly Italian flavour — a small price for the round-the-clock property insurance our community is able to provide, no? I greatly enjoyed judging your competition. *Bravissimi!* Your clerihews were excellent. Perhaps a *little* old-fashioned — there may be more to modern music than Billy Bragg and Boy George, and I wonder whether you all picked Margaret Drabble because you actually *read* her, or because her name rhymes with your popular English boardgame. No matter. £2 each to these.

Jeffrey Archer isn't sad
His novels are so bad:
What keeps him sunny
Is the money.

Knowing all the tricks of the trade
Helped Steven Spielberg make the grade:
It would be *lèse-majesté* if you suggested
His development was arrested.

WATSON WEEKS

Philip Glass
Said: 'Stuff composition class!
To fill the Albert Hall at maximalist price
Two chords suffice!'

ALEC STANLEY

Margaret Drabble
Went to a lot of trabble
Eliminating the sort of shit you're
Unlikely to want in a companion to English Literature.

W. S. BROWNLIE

Doris Lessing
Enjoyed confessing
She'd made publishers look like mouthing mummers
By being Jane Somers.

D. A. PRINCE

Georges Bataille
With a seedy sigh
Said, 'Flies in the ointment
Are there by appointment.'

Said Claire Raynor
'You musn't feign or
Fake it, my pet.
Be honest from the outset.'

CATHERINE BENSON

Ian McEwan
Likes to write about screwin'
And Martin Amis
The same is.

Bernardo Bertolucci
Is cinema's Il Duce,
But the man with real power
Is Akira Kurosawa.

RODERICK CLAYTON

Kathy Acker
Needs no backer.
She's got plenty of talk,
Though it's all of New York.

LEIGH HUGHES

'Hip Hurrah! Hurrah!'
Shouted Richard Attenborough,
When he became so grand he
Could make a film about Ghandi.

M. E. AULT

If anyone can save us
From Peter Maxwell Davies,
Hans Werner Henze
Might be the enze.

ALAN CLARK

Iris Murdoch
Has been known to knock
Bourgeois morality when, for instance, siblings go (together) in *A Severed Head*
To bed.

CYNTHIA HALL

Umberto Eco
Never eats gecko,
Preferring risotto, lasagne, spaghetti
While pondering Barthes, Lacan and Giacometti.

R. SLOSS

Margaret Drabble
Never writes about mere rabble;
Her characters, if sometimes ineffectual,
Are intellectual.

CAROLYN BECKINGHAM

According to William Golding,
Without society's moulding
There's nothing to check a boy's base urges.
His success annoys A. Burgess.

KEITH NORMAN

Vikram Seth
Himself rhymes it with 'great'
Which is a phonetic surprise
To English eyes.

Harrison Birtwhistle
Is welcome as a thistle
Beneath the bum to the average punter
At *The Wheeltapper and Shunter*.

NICHOLAS MURRAY

Marilyn French is
Rather pretentious —
While supporting the cause,
She bores.

Clive James'
Fame's
Based on extravagant comparisons,
As in *about as peaceful as the Saladin days of the Saracens*.

Barry Hines
Has been down mines.
For subjects, on the whole,
He picks coal

A book
By Herman Wouk
May not be great art, but, matey,
It'll be weighty.

WILL BELLENGER

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Take me to your Leader
JOHN MINNION
I CAN'T SIT AROUND PLAYING CHESS ALL DAY – I'VE GOT IMPORTANT WORK TO DO. I KNEW THIS WOULD HAPPEN....
WE ARE ALL OF US SUBJECT TO THE WILL OF GOD
GOD WHO?
THE LORD OF HEAVEN IN WHOSE NAME WE GO FORTH TO DO BATTLE AGAINST THE FORCES OF DARKNESS
LOOK, AS A MATTER OF FACT I PASSED THROUGH HEAVEN ON MY JOURNEY TO EARTH. THE PLACE WAS A GHOST TOWN. NOT A SHRED OF EVIDENCE OF LIFE AS WE KNOW IT
OH, HE EXISTS ALL RIGHT
HE MOVES IN MYSTERIOUS WAYS

Chess

RESUMING OUR coverage of the big match, having levelled the scores with his win in game 5, Karpov held the draw with his next Black thanks to the reliable Petroff Defence. The challenger then made a big effort to take the lead as he pressed very hard for the full point in game 7. The initiative in the whole match seemed to be swinging towards Karpov and most of the commentators thought that Kasparov's game was beyond salvation. They were right. But . . .

Karpov-Kasparov, Game 7, 13 August. QGD Exchange.
1. d4 d5 2. c4 e6 3. Nc3 Be7 4. cxd5 exd5 5. Bf4 c6 6. Qc2 g6. 7. e3 Bf5 8. Qd2 Nd7. 9. f3 Nb6 10. e4 Be6 11. e5 Karpov's original opening play has secured a significant advantage. The e5 pawn cramps Black and gives Kasparov a real headache over the development of the Ng8. **h5 12. Bd3 Qd7 13. b3 Bh4+** A puzzling manoeuvre. It just seems to give White a free tempo. **14. g3 Be7 15. Kf2 Bf5 16. Bf1 Kf8 17. Kg2 a5 18. a3 Qd8 19. Nh3 Bxh3+ 20. Kxh3 Kg7 21. Kg2 Nd7 22. Bd3 Nf8 23. Be3 Ne6 24. Ne2 Nh6 25. b4** A surprising diversion. Does he need to open a second front? The straightforward attacking plan 25. Rhf1 followed by Bxh6+ and f4-f5 suggests itself. **Qb6 26. b5 c5** A much better try than 26 . . . cxb5 27. Nc3. **27. Nc3 cxd4 28. Bxh6+ Rxh6 29. Nxd5 Qd8 30. Be4 h4 31. Rhf1 hxg3 32. hxg3 Rc8 33. Rh1 Rxh1 34. Rxh1 Bg5 35. f4 Rc5!** With both players running short of time Kasparov quickly spotted his one chance. **36. fxg5?** And Karpov fails to find the subtle refutation 36. Kg1! Rxd5 37. Bxd5 Qxd5 38. Qh2. Because of the mate threat Black's Bishop is still lost, while White keeps the e5 pawn and exposes the Black King. E.g. 38 . . . Kf8 39. Qh8+ Ke7 40. fxg5 d3 41. Qf6+ Ke8 42. e6. Black has no perpetual check and the ending after 42 . . . Qxe6 43. Qxe6+ fxe6 44. Kf2 is a simple win for White. **Rxd5 37. Bxd5 Qxd5+ 38. Kh2 Qxe5 39. Rf1 Qxb5 40. Qf2 Nxg5 41. Qxd4+** The game was adjourned here with Kasparov sealing **41 . . . Kg8**. A draw was agreed without resumption.

And so to game 8 and a mystery that demands investigation. Why did Karpov lose on time? Time-trouble is as often a symptom as a cause. Although it is always being invoked as an excuse, there are many instances in which it would be more nearly correct to blame time-trouble on defeat. And indeed Karpov was lost when his flag fell. Yet was the position just a few moves before really so difficult for him?

Kasparov-Karpov, Game 8, 15 August. QGD Exchange.
1. d4 d5 2. c4 e6 3. Nc3 Be7 4. cxd5 exd5 5. Bf4 Nf6 Well, he certainly wouldn't want to imitate Kasparov's handling of the defence, would he? **6. e3 0-0 7. Bd3 c5** Ready to accept an isolated d-pawn in return for active piece-play. **8. Nf3 Nc6 9. 0-0 Bg4** Perhaps an over-strenuous attempt to force an equalizing liquidation by pressuring the d4 square. **10. dxc5 Bxd5 11. h3 Bxf3 12. Qxf3 d4 13. Ne4 Be7 14. Rad1 Qa5 15. Ng3 dxe3 16. fxe3!** Kasparov intends to use the f-file for attack. **Qxa2** Was this an exchange sacrifice? **17. Nf5 Qe6 18. Bh6 Ne8** Obviously not 18 . . . gxh6?? 18. Qg3+ and wins. But had Karpov appreciated the force of White's next move? **19. Qh5! g6** Forced. If 19 . . . gxh6 20. Nxh6+ Kh8 21. Nxf7+ wins. **20. Qg4 Ne5 21. Qg3 Bf6** Now of course Kasparov could just take the Rook, as everyone expected. After 22. Bxf8 Kxf8 23. Nd4 White may have some technical difficulties because of his two isolated pawns, yet Black surely cannot have adequate compensation. **22. Bb5!? Ng7 23. Bxg7 Bxg7 24. Rd6 Qb3** I cannot believe that Kasparov overlooked the fact that this attacks the Bb5. **25. Nxg7 Qxb5 26. Nf5** White has some threats, notably 27. Rd5! Still, one would have thought that Black's K-side is defensible and with the extra pawn Karpov must have winning chances. **Rad8** It has been suggested that 26 . . . Rae8 would have been more solid, but this is not correct. Kasparov could then play 27. Qg5! with highly unpleasant threats of Nh6+ or Ne7+. **27. Rf6 Rd2?** I think this is the move that wrecks Karpov. He launches a counterattack with Queen + Rook, but meanwhile Kasparov is attacking with Queen + 2 Rooks + Knight and there can only be one outcome to such an unequal battle. After 27 . . . Kh8! Kasparov would probably have been left wishing he had taken the exchange at move 22. **28. Qg5 Qxb2** This is not just pawn-snatching. Karpov now threatens 29 . . . Rxg2+ 30. Qxg2 Qxg2+ 31. Kxg2 gxf5 when he would be in no danger of losing. But Kasparov's simple riposte leaves the Black forces hopelessly disconnected. **29. Kh1! Kh8 30. Nd4! Rxd4 31. Qxe5! 1-0.** Karpov's flag falls with 10 moves still to make. In this position no amount of time could save him since after 31 . . . Rd2 32. Qe7 the Black King is defenceless.

George Botterill

New Statesman, 14-16 Farringdon Lane, London EC1R 3AU
Tel: 01-253 2001/Editorial: 01-253 2003
Telex: 28449/Cables: Newstat, London EC1
© 1986 Statesman & Nation Publishing Co Ltd & contributors
Published by The Statesman & Nation Publishing Co Ltd
Distributed by NS Distribution

Editor: John Lloyd; **Books and Arts Editor:** Harriett Gilbert; **Writers:** Sarah Benton, Duncan Campbell, Jane Dibblin, Rob Edwards (Scotland), Patrick Forbes, Peter Kellner (Political Editor), Andrew Lumsden, John Rentoul; **Deputy Books & Arts Editor:** Malcolm Imrie; **Poetry Editor:** Hugo Williams; **Production Manager:** Joanne Hurst; **Layout & design:** Vicky Hutchings; **Editorial Assistant:** Jane Thomas

Subscriptions: Cecilia Milton, Joan Scanlon; **Display advertisements:** Laura Berryman, Michael Roberts (01-253 2001); **Classified advertisements:** David Jones (01-251 5487)

Subscription rates: UK & Eire £40; Europe (air mail only £46); rest of world: air speeded £51; air mail £61. USA: air speeded $70; air mail $85. Canada: air speeded Can $90; air mail Can $115.

Second class postage paid at New York, NY USPS 382260. Air freight in US by Speedimpex USA Inc. (US Postmaster: Address changes should be sent to New Statesman, Speedimpex USA Inc., 45-45 39th Street, Long Island City, NY 11104)

Unsolicited manuscripts and artwork will only be returned if an SAE is enclosed.

This England

£3 Book Tokens for entries printed (On postcards please !

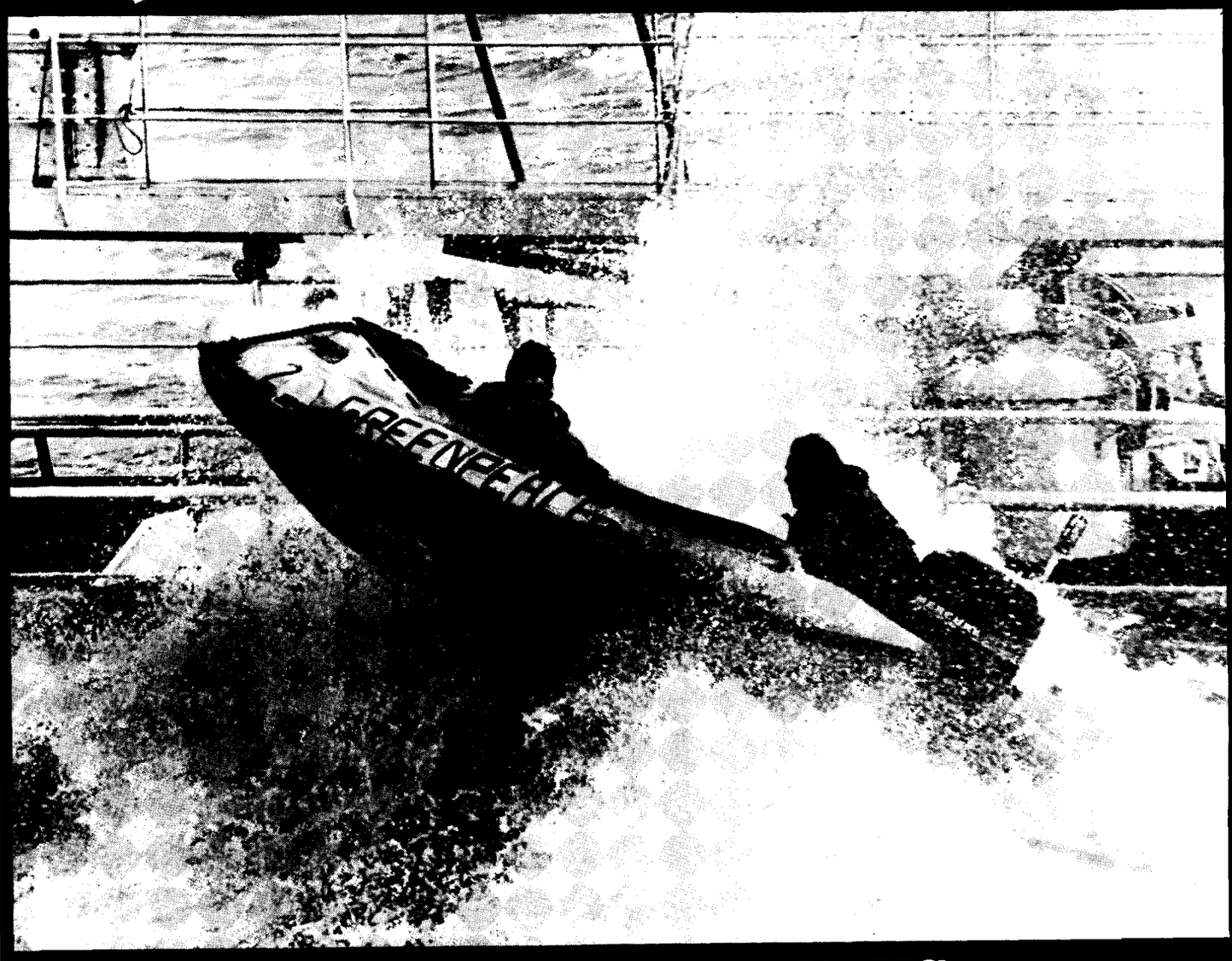
☐ A woman motorist raised the alarm when she saw a man lying face down and motionless in the gutter in Stroud, Glos. An ambulance arrived to find a Water Board engineer peering down a drain. An ambulance spokesman said: 'The woman thought he was so badly injured that she did not dare approach him.' — *Daily Telegraph* (W. Pugh)

☐ A Lincolnshire farmer has been warned not to sell bought-in produce at his farm shop. 'Officials were tipped off . . . when they were told he was selling bananas, which it was suspected were not grown on the farm.' — *Farmers Weekly* (David Bays)

☐ Cleaning of the charnel-house has had to stop since there are far too many bones in the well — those that are not stored away neatly in the adjoining room in Tupperware boxes (one for each person), with labels attached noting the corpses' features, and whether or not the person was important. — From a report of a cleaning operation in St Bride's Church, Fleet Street in *Church Times* (Leonard Cox)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GREENPEACE



WHERE TO FIND US.

IN ACTION:
DEFENDING, CAMPAIGNING, RESEARCHING, EDUCATING, ALL FOR THE NATURAL WORLD.

36 Graham Street, London N1 8LL

HOW TO HELP US

Greenpeace urgently need your support.

1. Please enclose a donation of £_____
2. Join us and follow our campaigns in our quarterly newsletter.
Annual subscription rates: Single – £7.50. Family – £12.00 £_____

Name_____ Address_____

NS

Greenpeace, 36 Graham Street, London N1 8LL.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED